GOSPEL PICTURES AND STORY SERMONS

WHITTLE

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/gospelpicturesst0000dwwh

MOSES STRIKING THE ROCK.

GOSPEL PICTURES

AND

STORY SERMONS

FOR CHILDREN

BY

D. W. WHITTLE

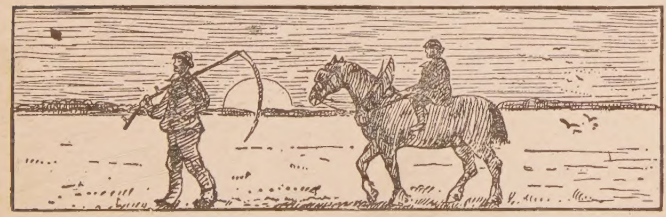
"*He taught them many things by parables*" (Mark iv: 2).

CHICAGO:
THE BIBLE INSTITUTE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION,
250 La Salle Avenue.

COPYRIGHTED, 1895, BY FLEMING H. REVELL CO.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE POISON SERMON,	5
THE MAGNET SERMON,	25
THE CANDLE SERMON,	51
THE COMMANDMENTS SERMON, PART I	74
THE COMMANDMENTS SERMON, PART II	93
THE HEART SERMON,	105



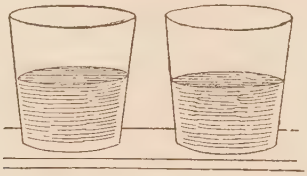
GOSPEL PICTURES
AND
STORY SERMONS.

THE POISON SERMON.

Children, you often say, "*I think*," or, "*I am thinking*." Whereabouts do you think? In your hands, your feet, your stomach or in your head? "In my head," is your answer. Yes; in your *head*. There is, back of your eyes and between your ears, a wonderful little room full of *think* power. It is like a little factory where wheels and belts, cogs and pulleys are always moving and making all about them move with them. There are five ways in which this think power may be set in motion. What you *feel*, by something touching your body; what you *taste*, when something is put into your mouth; what you *smell*, when you go home from school and your mother is baking; what you *see*, when your father brings you home a safety; what you *hear*, when you wake the Fourth of July morning, or when your name is called by the teacher for first prize. Now all these ways to get the *think* machinery working might be called

"gates;" and I want now to get into the wonderful little room between your ears by what we will call the "*eye gate*" and "*ear gate.*" I want to teach you by what you will *hear*, and by what you will *see*. So please keep your eyes and your ears wide open.

The first thing I show you will be these two tumblers of pure water. As I pour it from the pitcher to



the glass, how clear and sparkling, and beautiful it looks! As I put it to my lips, how sweet and refreshing it tastes! It is just as God made it, a blessing and a joy to creation.

Now turn back in the book, and see upon the first page the picture of the fountain of water from the rock in the desert. Is it not beautiful to see the water pouring down upon the stones, foaming and splashing, and sparkling in the sun! And see, how happy and contented the men, women and children, cows and sheep all appear to be, as they come and drink of the pure, God-given water!

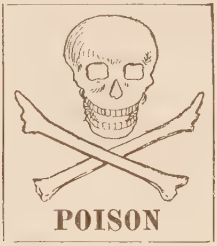
Now, my first lesson from the water is this: God made it *good*, but how often man makes it *bad*. What dreadful things men put into water, and how they are drugged and made drunken and debased and degraded by what they drink!

Now let us think of what God has taught us in the Bible, and see if this is not just the way it is about all the sin and suffering there is in this world. God makes the water good, and man makes it bad.

Let us read what God says about how He made man: "*And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; * * * So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him * * * And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul. * * * And God blessed them, and God said unto them, * * * Have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth. And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold,* IT WAS VERY GOOD." (Gen. i: 26-27 and Gen. ii: 7, with Gen. i: 28-31.) We also read the words of one who had a very wonderful *think power* given him by God, and who fully considered all the hard questions that any boy or girl will ever consider, and who says of himself: "*I applied mine heart to know, and to search, and to seek out wisdom, and the reason of things,*" and he says, "*Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions.*" (Eccl. vii: 25 and 29.)

So God made man good, and he has made himself bad. The heart was once pure and clean like this tumbler of clear water, but O, what dreadful things have entered into it! Now watch me, and you will

see how easily I shall make this water bad. I have here a bottle of deadly poison, called "corrosive sublimate." Do you see the picture of the label that the druggist has put upon it?



This is to warn people that there is death in the bottle. Sometimes children go to Mamma's closet without permission and taste of the medicines. I hope you will never do this, for you will very likely be made sick if you do. But remember, when you see this label on a bottle you must never touch it. I heard a sad story the other day from a gray-haired minister, who had listened to my "Poison Sermon." "Your corrosive sublimate," said he, "revived a sad memory of my childhood. My little sister swallowed a mouthful of it by mistake. The whole scene in my country home came before me as you lifted up your bottle. The awful pain of the little girl; my mother's terror; my father's anxiety as he came running from the field, and in less time than I can tell it, had me upon a horse, galloping four miles for the doctor; the doctor's swift ride back with me, only to see the child die; and

the laying away of the dear little girl to rest. O, how vividly it has all been before me !"

I was very sorry to have awakened such sad memories in the heart of this good man, but I hope the repeating of his story may warn parents of the danger of leaving poisons within reach of their children, and may warn children of the danger of disobeying their parents and touching things they are forbidden to touch.

Now, I am going to put some of the poison into these two tumblers of water to show to you how sin came into the hearts of men, and into the world. We will first read the story and some of the comments on the story from the Bible, and then show you the illustration.

"*Now the serpent was more subtile than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made: and he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden? And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden: but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die: for God doth know, that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened; and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat; and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat.*" (Gen. iii: 1 to 6.)

"*But I fear, lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve in his craftiness, your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity and purity that is toward Christ.*" (II Cor. ix: 2, Rev. Ver.)

"*Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.*" (Ro. v: 12.)

You will see in this story how the woman tempted Satan to tempt her, by being away from her husband and near the tree, as if she was longing for its fruit, and wanted to do that which she had been told not to. Is it not strange that we are all just like the woman in this? I knew of a little boy who lived near Lake Michigan, who was shown by his father the poison ivy that grows very profusely in that region. The father told him that he was not to touch it because it would poison his hands, and get on his face and make him sick. "Do you think you know the plant now, my boy?" said the father. "Yes, Papa," was the reply. "Well, go over to that oak tree and see if you can pick it out." He went over and called out, "Here it is, Papa." "That's right," said his father. "Now go over and find some under that tree." "Here it is, Papa," said he, as he ran over to another tree and saw on the ground the green shiny leaf of the little ivy bush. "That is right," said the father. "Now you know what it is, remember about it, and be careful and not touch it."

It was only a few days after this that the boy was not well, and little red pimples came out all over his hands

and face. "Why," said the father, "this is poison ivy! How in the world did this happen, my boy, after Papa warned you about it?"

The boy began to cry, and said very pitifully, "Me and Willie thought we would like to see if it *would* poison us, and so we picked some and *rubbed it on.*" Could there be anything more like what we read of the woman wanting to see if the fruit which God had forbidden *would* kill her? And so, it seems inevitable that every boy and girl wants, O, so much, to do the very thing they are forbidden to do; and that Satan should still be permitted to come and tempt them to do it. This being so, we must be on our guard, and not think that because we *very much* want to do a thing, that it is right or best for us to do it.

I saw a little story the other day that pleased me very much indeed. A mother brought home a package of candy for her little girl, and after giving her as much as was good for her to eat at one time, put the package on an upper shelf in the cup-board, and told her she was to have no more that day. The mother went off up-stairs, and came back after some time to the open door of the room where the candy was. What did she see but her little girl standing on a shelf, with the package of candy opened, and a piece of it in her hand! The mother was about to call out to her, but observing that the child waited for a little, as if thinking of something, she paused to see what she would do. To her great happiness, the little girl put back the candy, and climbing down from the shelf

to a chair and from the chair to the floor, she looked up with a happy smile, and stamping her foot upon the floor, said, "Dere, Dod, I didn't eat it after all!"

That was a great victory! O, that every one of you children would think of God when you are tempted to sin, and you, too, would have many such victories.

The best time, however, to fight against Satan is when he first suggests an evil thought. It was very dangerous for the little girl to have come so near doing wrong. It would have been much better if she had run right out of the room, saying in her heart, "*No, no*," and gone to her play that she might think of something else when the desire came to have the candy. One of the most useful prayers in the Bible is found in Ps. cxix, verse 37: "*Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.*" Always make this prayer when an evil thought is suggested by what you are looking at, or thinking of, and Satan will not be able to go further with you. How certain we are that Eve kept looking at the forbidden fruit, and walked all around the tree as near as she dared, thinking, "O how beautiful it looks! I wonder *why* we can't have it? I don't see *why* God made it if it isn't to be eaten. I don't believe it would hurt us. He didn't say we should not *smell* of it. I believe I will pull down the branch and just take one smell." O, why didn't she turn right away and say, "I must not think of such things. I do not *need* this fruit. Our good God has given us a hundred other beautiful trees, all filled with the most delicious fruit, and has

only forbidden us this one tree. I am sure that there must be a good reason for what so good and kind a Father has done. I am *sure* that I ought to just trust His word and obey Him, no matter what anybody may say. It would be a dreadful sin for me to think for one moment that God could tell a lie and deceive us about anything." O, if she had said this and turned away. But she did not. And none of her children ever said it, everywhere and every time, until Jesus of Nazareth came. *He* said it, and Satan could never get Him to *say* or *think* anything else.

Now, as we repeat the words: "*By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin,*" I will put a teaspoonful of the poison into each of these tumblers, now half filled with water.

Death has now entered into the water. I would not drink from the tumblers now for anything. And yet you see that the water shows no change. You have only my word for it that there is poison there. I think you believe me, and that it would be very hard for any one to hire you to take a drink of the water. Let me read you a verse. "*If we receive the testimony of men, the testimony of God is greater. He that believeth not God hath made him a liar.*" (I Jno. v: 9 and 10.) O, that all here would firmly and forever believe what God has told them about the sinfulness of their hearts. It is because men do not believe that the poison of sin is in them that they neglect the salvation from sin that God has provided.

As you take my word, children, about the poison in

the tumblers, you must take God's word about sin in your hearts. Do not trust to your feelings or to any flattering words from those that love you. "*The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Who can know it?*" (Jer. xvii: 9.) The only *certain* thing in this world is what God says in the Holy Bible. Remember Jesus said, "*The words that I speak unto you, they are life,*" (John vi: 63), and, "*Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice.*" (John xviii: 37.)

Satan is never so near you as when you are inclined to doubt the teachings of God's word as to your having so bad a heart that nothing but the blood of Jesus can cleanse it, nothing but the spirit of Jesus can make it good.

Now, I have another illustration for you with the tumblers.

You have believed my word that the poison is there; but I will now give you evidence of the truth of my word. I have in this other bottle what I will call "a poison detective." It is a solution of iodide of potassium; so compounded, that as I put a teaspoonful into these tumblers, it will cause the water to turn to a muddy red. I want to show to you how God will give you evidence that the poison of sin is in your hearts. For this first tumbler, I will use the law. We will play that this is a boy who has been a pretty good boy, and has not felt his sins. Now a sinner is one who has some time disobeyed God. So we will repeat the ten commandments of God, and will drop in the poison detective as we repeat. Now watch!

and see if the water turns. If it does, you may know I have told you the truth, and that poison is in the glass. Also, watch! and think as God's law is repeated, how many times you have failed to keep it. Remember that every time you have told an untruth; every time you have disobeyed your parents; every time you have given way to anger and the spirit of revenge; every time you have taken from others the smallest thing that belonged to them, without their knowledge or permission; every time you have indulged in the spirit of coveting that which belonged to others, you have broken God's commandments.

Oh! how bad the water has become as I have dropped in the iodide! See how red it looks! Surely this tumbler is as full of poison as an egg is of meat. As I hold it up before you, think of your own hearts: have you not remembered many naughty things that you have done? Do you not see that sin *must* be in your heart, or you would never have done these wrong things, or had these bad thoughts?

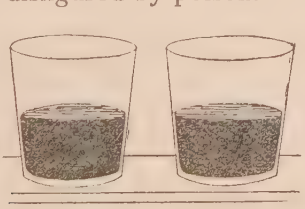
Now we will take the other tumbler, and show another way that God has of proving that our hearts are sinful in His sight. Our Lord Jesus says in John xvi: 9: "*Of* SIN, *because they believe not on me.*"

So, when we want to find out quickly whether a heart is right with God, we tell them of Jesus, the Son of God; and after we have pictured forth His goodness and love in coming down from heaven to teach us of God, to bear our sins in His own body on the tree; to be our Redeemer and Saviour, that we,

"God be Merciful to Me a Sinner."

through Him, might receive the Spirit of God; if, after this, they turn away and do not love Him, and believe that He teaches truth, they show that their hearts are selfish and sinful, just as truly as this water now shows that it is full of poison, as I put the teaspoonful of iodide, all at once, into the tumbler. So we have an illustration of one convicted by the law; and of another convicted by the gospel. Are there not many of you convicted by *both* the law and the gospel? The law convicts you, for you have not kept it; the gospel convicts you, for you have not believed upon Jesus as your Saviour. O, that every one of you might feel as the man did, of whom Jesus has told us in Luke xviii: 13, who was saved by crying out before the slain lamb upon the altar: "*God be merciful to me, a sinner.*"

My next illustration will be made to explain to you how Jesus has come to give us clean hearts and deliver us from the awful poison of sin. You have seen the two tumblers of clear water. You now see them red, discolored and disfigured by poison.



Now, one of these tumblers I cover over with this beautiful piece of silk, and the poison is out of sight. Let this show to you the folly of the multitude of boys and girls, men and women, who refuse to think

of their sinful condition, but give themselves up to the pleasures of the world, living godless, prayerless lives. Our Lord Jesus says of such—"*This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved.*" (John iii: 19, 20.) Children, the great temptation is *to hide* when we have done wrong. This is the reason children tell lies. They want to hide from the light. This is the reason that so many refuse to become Christians. They do not want to confess their sins. This temptation you will all have to meet. May God give you grace to overcome it. It is said in the Bible: "*He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.*" (Prov. xxviii: 13.) There were two things that King David as a man of God did not hide. He did not hide his sins from God (Ps. xxxii: 5), and he did not hide God's righteousness from men (Ps. xl: 10). It is not possible for God to save us if, when He is calling us, we run away and hide. It does not take away the poison from the tumbler to cover it over. And it does not take away sin by refusing to think about it and trying to make believe that it is not there. O, how sorry I am to have to leave this tumbler covered over and to know that it must remain without cleansing, when the means for cleansing are so close at hand! This is the way our blessed Lord Jesus feels toward those who

hide from Him, when He has come with power to forgive them, and pity to heal and cleanse them from every stain. We can hear Him saying sadly to some who are here today, "*Ye will not come to me that ye might have life.*" (Jno. v: 40.)

The tumbler I now hold in my hand represents, I trust, many who are here to-day, who are willing to confess that their hearts are sinful, and who want them cleansed, and believe that the Lord Jesus Christ has power and grace to cleanse them. Now from the same bottle, used to discover sin, I propose to take that which shall put away the sin. A teaspoonful of this solution, put into the tumbler where there is poison, discolors it: another teaspoonful clears away the color, and makes the water clean and white again. Is not this a remarkable illustration of just what the Bible does in my heart? I read in the Bible God's holy law, and discover that my heart is sinful and bad. I read more of the Bible, and find how Jesus came to die for my sins, and opening my heart for Him to come in to be my Saviour, I find out God's way of making my heart clean and delivering me from sin. So, as a good old Christian woman said, "O, how I love my Bible! It wounded me, and it healed me; it convicted me of sin, and it showed me my Saviour; it was the guide of my youth, and it is now the comfort of my old age."

Children, God's book is a book of love. You must never be afraid of the Bible; but always be afraid of doing anything that the Bible condemns. When

people are afraid of the Bible, it shows that they are unwilling to give up what they know is wrong.

Now, just as we repeated the commandments and dropped in the iodide until the water was red, we will repeat the gospel and drop in the iodide until we see the water made clear.

"*For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.*" (Jno. iii: 16.)

There is truth enough in that verse to do all the work; and hundreds of thousands of hearts have received Jesus through its teaching, and been made clean.

As many, however, have to be taken from verse to verse before the light comes, and they are enabled to trust Jesus, I will add a few other verses, before putting into the tumbler all of the iodide. I want you to notice, however, that every drop I put in, has its effect upon the poison, and clears away a little of the color. So, when souls are honestly seeking after light, every verse they read and receive into their hearts helps them forward. Here is a verse that seems specially appropriate to our red tumbler: "*Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.*" (Isa. i: 18.) I know of a little girl who came to her mamma one day, and said, "Oh, Mamma, I don't want it here! please, Mamma, take

it away." "What is it that you don't want there?" said her mamma. "I don't want the naughty in my heart, Mamma, it makes me feel bad." "Well," said the good mother, "you must go to your room and kneel down and ask the Lord Jesus to take it away. Mamma can not do it. Only Jesus can make the heart good." The little girl came back in a few minutes with a very happy face, and said, "It is all gone, Mamma. I asked Jesus, and He has taken it all away." Dear little child! of course, Jesus did it. He has promised to do it for any child that comes and asks Him, and for any one that comes and asks Him as a child.

Here is another beautiful verse by which a great many have received Jesus: "*Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*" (Matt. xi: 28.) To come to Jesus is to be willing to take Him as my Saviour, and let him do as He pleases with me, cleansing away my sins, and making me God's child.

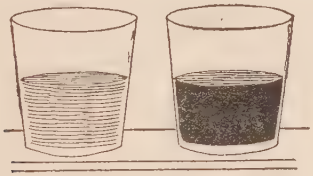
If one here to-day feels willing in their heart to come, you can be sure *right now* that He forgives you, and that He wants you above all things, to *know* and *believe* it, and to enter into rest.

The last text we will use is found in I John, first chapter, the 9th and part of the 7th verse: "*If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.*"

Now see the change ! as I put in all of the iodide, and stir up the water that it may come in contact with, and dissolve the poison, see how the water becomes clear again ! Perhaps you may see, as I hold the glass to the light, some of the red sediment away down in the side of the tumbler, but as I scrape away with my spoon and bring the iodide into closer contact with it, it disappears. So, as we receive the spirit of Jesus, we shall be daily made aware of places in our hearts that need cleansing, and as we read and obey His words, we shall grow in grace, and find deliverance from the power of sin, and become cleaner and cleaner in heart and life. "*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.*" Let this be carefully remembered as our closing text. It is by what our precious Lord Jesus has done and is doing for us, and not by what we have done or are doing for Him, that we are saved. When we accept Him as our Saviour, and are willing to confess His name, our sins are forgiven us and blotted out of God's book, because Jesus has borne the penalty of sin. As we every day believe that we are forgiven and cleansed for Jesus' sake, God's Spirit dwells in our hearts to keep us from the power of sin, and in the love of God. By and bye, if Jesus tarry, our souls shall leave this world and be in Heaven with Jesus. *Then*, we shall never have any more *feeling* of sin, and shall never *do* anything wrong, or *think* anything wrong. Then we shall see how true and faithful was this word of gospel truth,

"*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.*"

Now, in contrast to this tumbler with its contents



made clear, look, as I take the other tumbler out from under its covering, upon its poison-stained contents. The clear one I hold in my right hand, the other in my left. Children, you must all be like one or the other of these two. Some of you may try to cover your sins. Let all such remember that when they die, their covering will be taken away, and their sinful souls appear before God, just as I have taken this poison stained glass from under the cloth.

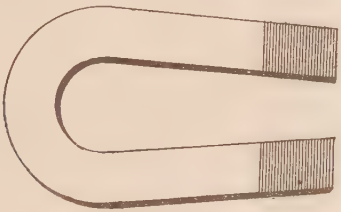
We can not, if we refuse Jesus, escape death; we can not escape the exposure of our sins; we can not escape the judgment of God. O, shall we not all come to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and ask Him to come into our hearts to-day and teach us by a blessed experience how "*the blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.*" Will you have your heart cleansed like the glass in my right hand? or will you be of those that hide from their Saviour and be left like the glass in my left hand?

The Shepherd's Care.

THE MAGNET SERMON.

"*I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.*" (John xii: 32.)

Now, children, take a good look at my *Magnet*.



I am going to use it to teach you the meaning of some Bible verses that speak of Jesus, and how He has come to be our Saviour.

Before I commence, let me answer one or two of the questions that I see in your eyes. "What is it made like a horseshoe for?" Because, when it is being charged with electricity, it is placed between two pieces of wire, over which the electricity is conveyed. "What is the meaning of the word magnet?" It means *loadstone*, and is derived from *Magnesia*, the Greek name of a place where ore was dug out of the ground that would draw iron to itself, or would turn to the north pole, when suspended in the air, so

as to be easily moved. "Isn't there glue or something on the ends of the magnet that makes things stick to it?" No. I can show you that there is nothing of that kind, by putting the magnet on pieces of paper. See; it will not lay hold of them.

"What is it, then, that makes it hold the nails?"

The wisest man on earth can not tell you; for the wisest man on earth does not know. It is called *electricity;* but what that is, no one can explain. There is a power here that we can not see, and that we can not understand.

What do we do, therefore? Do we refuse to use it, and say that we will not believe in anything we can not explain? Not at all. We find that it is possible for us to use this power to do our work and add to our well being, and so we make machines adapted to it, and send messages across the sea; light up our city streets and factories; move our cars, and do a score of things besides, with a power that we can not explain. Is it not very strange that, with such a lesson daily before them, men will say that they can not use the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour or let the Holy Spirit of God into their souls to give them eternal life, because they can not understand the one or see the other? But this is just what we read in the Bible. "*I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever: even the Spirit of truth; whom the world can not receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye*

know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." (John xiv: 16, 17.) "*The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.*" (I Cor. ii: 14.)

So, children, when any infidel tells you he doesn't believe in anything he can't see, ask him if he believes there is a power called electricity: if he says "Yes," ask him if he ever saw the electricity; he will have to answer "No," that he has only seen its effects. So we, as Christians, believe in the Spirit of God, not because we see Him, but because we see the effects of His power upon our fellow men, and know of his working in our own hearts. Just as you know there is a power in this magnet that is not in this piece of wood; because one will move this piece of steel without touching it, while the other has no effect upon it. Children, to be infidels and say, "We won't believe things we can't see," is very foolish. No truly wise person would ever say such a thing as that.

Now, we will have our illustrations. We will number them as we go on, so that the lesson may be better remembered.

Number One. I have here before me pieces of gold, silver, copper and iron. The three first are all worth much more than the last. The magnet will not, however, lay hold of the more valuable metals, but immediately fastens itself to the iron. Let this be a beautiful illustration to you of Heb. ii: 14 and 16, as found in the revised version: "*Since then the children are*

sharers in flesh and blood, he also himself in like manner partook of the same. For verily not of angels doth he take hold, but he taketh hold of the seed of Abraham." There were angels that sinned and lost their place in Heaven. Jesus is not their Redeemer, but he is the Redeemer of any boy or girl, man or woman, who will accept him.

Number Two. Think of what this piece of iron passed through in becoming a magnet.

The iron ore was dug out of the ground by pick and drill; it was melted in hot furnaces and made into bars; re-melted in hotter furnaces and made into steel; rolled into plates between immense and powerful rollers; cut into strips by great steel shears; heated again and bent into its horseshoe form, and pounded by hammers and polished upon wheels, it became a magnet. This is a faint illustration of what our Lord Jesus passed through that He might draw us to God.

"*Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men. And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.*" (Phil. ii: 6 to 8.) "*His visage was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men. He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. He was oppressed and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth. It pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath*

put him to grief. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed." (Isa. lii: 14 and liii: 3, 7, 10 and 5.)

A little lad of four or five years was one day reading to his mother in the New Testament, and when he came to these words, "*The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head,*" his eyes filled with tears, and with a child's unrestrained gush of feeling, he said to his mother, "I am sure, Mamma, if I had been there I would have given Him my pillow."

O, how we should love and praise our blessed Redeemer for all that He suffered for our salvation! Let us ever remember that it was only by these sufferings that we could be drawn to God; just as it was by what this piece of iron passed through, that it is now possible for it to draw these other pieces. "*The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God.*" (I Cor. i: 18.)

Number Three. I now wish you to notice on the table in front of me a collection of nails and pieces of iron; some of them are of queer form, and others of them have queer coverings. The reasons for this you will see as we go on. Now, all of these represent people that have not come to Jesus, but are still in the world.

On my right hand you see another table. It is a

very *pretty* table, you notice, and has beautiful flowers upon it. This table represents the place of salvation. All who accept of Jesus come here. Now, I want to get the pieces of iron from one table to the other, and as they can not move themselves, they must be lifted over. For this purpose I shall use the magnet. Now these nails are not any more helpless in getting to that table than you are helpless in getting to heaven by any strength or power in yourself alone. As the nails need the magnet, so you need Jesus. As the nails have the capacity to receive electricity from the magnet, and then by that electricity to cling to the magnet, so you have capacity to receive from Jesus the Spirit of God, and then by the Spirit of God to be joined to Jesus. Let this illustration explain to you John vi: 44: "*No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him: and I will raise him up at the last day.*" Also John x: 27 to 29: "*My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.*"

Number Four.—Notice here on the table four different sizes of nails, in four different groups. They represent different ages of people called by the gospel. These very large nails, some of them bent and rusty, are men and women over fifty years of age. Jesus *does* come and save *some* of this class; but not many. As rust covering iron prevents its receiving electricity from the magnet, so the power of the world and the

"My Sheep Follow Me."

force of sinful habits harden the hearts of those who continue in sin, and they will not come to Christ. See, as I repeat the gospel message — "*This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief*"; I put the magnet down among these heavy nails, and I get but *two* of them. Thank God, for the *ones* and *twos* of the aged sinners who come to Christ; but, alas! the most of them die in their sins.

Now I come with the magnet to the next group of nails which represents men and women from twenty to fifty years of age. The gospel message for them is: "*That we should be to the praise of his glory, who first trusted in Christ. In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation; in whom also after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that holy Spirit of promise.*" (Eph. i: 12 and 13.) See how from this group, the magnet lifts more than *twice* the number that were taken from the other.

Now we come to the third group, which represents those from thirteen to twenty years old. My message to them is, "*Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.*" (Eccl. xii: 1.) "*To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.*" (Heb. iii: 7 and 8.) And out of this group I lift *four* times as many as from the second group. See how they cling to all parts of the magnet, and how some are brought by clinging to those who are clinging to the magnet. The

current of electricity passes down from the magnet through the nails, so that they, while connected with the magnet, have power to draw their companions. This is the way it is with the young people in the churches. They are social and fond of being together, and so, when a few come to Christ, they are able, if they keep close to Christ, and are full of the Holy Spirit, to bring many others with them.

Now we come to this last group of small nails and tacks. You all know whom they are intended for! Yes; boys and girls under thirteen years of age. I place the magnet right among them as I utter the loving call of Jesus to the young: "*Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.*" (Matt. xix: 14; Mark x: 14; Luke xviii: 16.) And, see! so many are clinging to the magnet, I can not count them! I have more from this one effort than from all three of my previous efforts.

Surely there are two valuable lessons from this.

First, the time to come to Jesus and give Him our hearts is when we are young. It will be easier then than at any other time.

Second, if we would win many souls, we must preach to the young. Many ministers wear themselves out, and get broken hearted and discouraged, preaching Sunday after Sunday to hardened, gray-haired sinners who are as unmoved under his pleadings as these rusty nails are by the magnet. I keep putting it down, but it don't stir one of them. See the difference, as I

bring the magnet to those that represent the young! Why, they just leap right up and cling to the magnet, like little children springing into the arms of a dear father or mother. So let the minister leave the gospel-hardened rusty hearers of his congregation to go in the direction in which they have been persistently pulling all of their lives, and turn to the young, with the simple story of the Cross, and he will be made to rejoice over the blessing God will give him.

Now we will take *Number Five* of our illustrations. Here are two large nails and five small nails, all tied together. What does this mean? Read Acts xvi: 31, and see if that will explain it: "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved*, AND THINE HOUSE." Oh! yes; now we see: this is a father, mother and five children. We are urging the father to become a Christian, and we tell him that it is not only for his own sake, but for wife and children as well. How often I have urged this consideration upon men and women who were hesitating about coming to Jesus! Sometimes I have told them of my own dear mother, who in 1858 had to come out and confess Jesus all alone, neither husband nor one of her five children with her. But as she lived true to Christ and continued in prayer for her family, one after the other she drew them all with her, just as the magnet, laying hold of the large nail, draws all connected with it

The *Number Six* illustration is a little different. Here we have two *large* nails, tied to a *small* one. The lesson is found in Isa. xi: 6: "*A little child shall lead*

"Suffer the Little Children to Come unto Me."

them." Very often in a family, it may be that Jesus will come first to one of the children, and father and mother will be led to God by one of their little ones. If a girl or boy truly loves the Saviour, the little words they sometimes speak come from their hearts and always move the hearts of others. Here is a very pretty story of what a little girl did, in drawing her older sister to a better life.

A Star in Her Crown.

A young lady was preparing for a dancing party, and standing before a large mirror placed a light crown, ornamented with silver stars, upon her head. While thus standing, a little fair-haired sister climbed into a chair, and put up her tiny fingers to examine this beautiful head-dress, and was accosted thus, "Sister, what are you doing? You should not touch that crown!" Said the little one, "I was *looking* at that, and *thinking* of something else." "Tell me what you are thinking about —*you*, a little child." "I was remembering that my Sabbath School teacher said, that if we save sinners by our influence we should win stars for our crown in heaven; and when I saw those stars in your crown, I wished I could save some soul." The elder sister went to the dance, but in solemn meditation the words of the innocent child found a lodgment in her heart, and she could not enjoy the association of her friends. At an early hour she left the hall and returned to her home, and going to the chamber where

her dear little sister was sleeping, imprinted a kiss upon her soft cheek, and said, "Precious sister, you have won one star for your crown," and kneeling at the bedside offered a fervent prayer to God for mercy.

Not long ago in a town where I was conducting meetings, the mayor of the town confessed faith in Christ, and told the people a touching story of how he was awakened by the death of his only little boy. Just before the dear child died, he looked up and said very earnestly—"Up! up!" His father thought he meant that he wanted to go up-stairs, and said, "Yes, Willie; Papa will carry you up-stairs." "No," he said; "higher, higher; Papa don't know the way; let Mamma come." He saw, then, that his little boy was dying, and he stood one side while the mother came and held him in her arms and prayed with him. He said the thought that in the hour of death he could not pray with his dear boy, and the words, "Papa, don't know the way," led him to resolve to seek his Saviour.

Thousands upon thousands of fathers and mothers have been drawn to Jesus in this way. The first song of a religious character that dear Mr. Bliss ever published, was suggested by a true story of the death of a little boy, very much like the mayor's Willie. Very many hearts have been touched by the song, and very many fathers and mothers whose children are in heaven have sought Jesus, that they might go there, too, after hearing it.

"I should like to die," said Willie, "if my papa could die too;
But he says he isn't ready, 'cause he has so much to do;
And my little sister Nellie says that I must surely die,
And that she and mamma—then she stopped, because it made me cry.

"But she told me, I remember, once while sitting on her knee,
That the angels never weary watching over her and me;
And that if we're good—and mamma told me just the same before—
They will let us into heaven when they see us at the door.

"There I know I shall be happy, and shall always want to stay;
I shall love to hear the singing, I shall love the endless day!
I shall love to look at Jesus, I shall love Him more and more,
And I'll see the happy angels who forever Him adore.

"There will be none but the holy—I shall know no more of sin;
There I'll see mamma and Nellie, for I know He'll let them in;
But I'll have to tell the angel, when I meet him at the door,
That he must excuse my papa, 'cause he couldn't leave the store.

"Nellie says that maybe I shall very soon be called away;
If papa were only ready, I should like to go to-day;
But if I should go before him to that world of light and joy,
Then I guess he'd want to come to heaven to see his little boy."

"Yes, sir," said a working man in Buffalo, New York, "I heard that song Sunday afternoon in the hall, and it broke me all up. Our little boy died three months ago, and he made me and his mother promise to be good and meet him in heaven. We hadn't done nothing about it, and the song was just what I needed. Monday morning when I was on my knees in the kitchen building the fire for my wife, the thought came to me, 'Now is the time. You are on your knees. Pray to the Lord for a new heart, and make a start for heaven.' I did pray and the Lord heard me, and my wife has started too, and we shall, by God's help, meet our little boy."

It is not necessary, however, that a little girl or boy should die in order to get father and mother to come to Jesus. I could tell you a great many stories of boys

and girls who became earnest Christians, and their consistent lives were used of God to lead their parents to Christ. I want to urge upon any of you young people who are *thinking* of becoming disciples of Jesus, not to put off because your father and mother may be indifferent or opposed to you. It may be God's plan to save them through you. He will certainly use you in your family if you will let Him. All you will have to do will be to cling close to Jesus every day, just as this small nail that I am now lifting clings to the magnet, and He will fill you with His spirit, just as the magnet imparts electricity to the nail, and you can not fail of being made a blessing to those around you. Would it not be a wonderful joy if you could bring father and mother to Jesus, just as these two nails are brought by the small one that clings to the magnet?

Number Seven. Here is rather a nice looking nail; steel, with a bright, brass head. That is something like what they say of people called "higher critics." The magnet can do nothing at all with the head; but below the head there is a heart, and this seems to have some desires after better things. It lays hold of the magnet. But what is all this bundle of things that it is tied to, and that is keeping it back? Dear me! Here is a cord of silk tied to the nail at one end, and tied around—*a theatre bill, a pack of cards, an invitation to a ball, and a novel.* Christ pulling one way and the world another. For the lesson see Matt. xvi: 24 and 25: "*If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For*

whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it." The magnet pulls, but the world pulls the harder, and this nail must be left behind. "*She hath chosen the world.*"

Number Eight. Another fine looking nail; and a nail with a response to the magnet. It lays hold as if it really felt its need. But, alas! as I pull upon it, it begins to loosen its hold. There is something here that is hindering the coming to Christ. Ah! here it is. The nail is tied to a heavy pocket-book! For the lesson read I Tim. vi: 10: "*For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.*"

A very wealthy, aged man once told me: "I would give all the money I possess if I could have faith. But it is too late. I turned from all of the pleadings of God when I was young, determined that I would be rich, and now I can not come." It is not a sin to possess money, but it is a sin to let money possess us. To love anything in the world better than I love God is to break the "first and great commandment."

O, that God would give us grace to always feel toward the poor and needy who are around us as the little girl mentioned in this story:

"A mother sat busily sewing in front of the bright, open fireplace of her snug little sitting-room, when suddenly her attention was arrested by the sound of voices in the adjoining room. There on the floor sat her little three-year-old girl, pulling off her own shoes and

giving them to her dark-eyed companion, who was barefooted, ragged and cold.

" 'What are you doing, my dear?' asked the mother.

" 'Why, Mamma, this poor little dirl hasn't dot any soos, and Dod wouldn't love me if I didn't div her one of my pairs when I have so many.'

" This plea of unselfishness deeply touched the heart of that gentle mother, who gave the needy little stranger not only shoes, but other good, warm clothing, then took her into the kitchen where for once her ravenous appetite was satisfied."

If this Christ-like sympathy fills our hearts, we can so use the money God may see fit to entrust us with as to make it a blessing and to add to our treasures in heaven.

What a pity it is that we can't get this rich man to see this, and bring both him and his pocket-book to Jesus. Supposing we try again. Let the magnet take a good square hold of him; give him the text, "*What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*" (Matt. xv: 26.) Tell him how the Son of God loved him and died for him; read to him II Cor. viii: 9: "*For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.*" Tell him of the happiness he can have in ministering in Christ's name to the needy, and of the everlasting joy bye and bye, when the Lord Jesus shall welcome him to heaven and say: "*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of*

these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." (Matt. xxv: 40.) Ah ! I think we have won him ! See ! he clings to the magnet, and the pocket-book is being lifted along too !

Now we must let the magnet do the work, and move very carefully, or this heavy load will drop back again. Remember how Jesus said, "*It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God.*" (Matt. xix: 24.) Thank God that he also added, "*With God all things are possible,*" and so we have the rich man, pocket-book and all, safely landed. But for one rich man who becomes a true disciple of our Lord Jesus, there are a hundred whose souls are lost by the love of money.

Number Nine. Here is a poor, bent, crooked, tipsy-looking nail, that has got hold of the magnet in a feeble kind of way. As we lift it up, we see that it also has a string tied to it. We pull as far as we can, and lo ! the string is tied to a bottle ! O, how many thousands are like this. They have longings to be better, and to escape from sin, but Satan has them tied fast to their appetite, and holds them as prisoners of Hell. The jug is too heavy for us to lift with the magnet, and there is no use for its contents among saved people. If this man is to be saved, he must break the cord and leave his bottle behind him. Will he call earnestly and sincerely on the Lord Jesus for grace to do this ? Will he have a wife or children with faith in Christ to pray for him, to love

"The Drunkard Shall Come to Poverty."

his soul, and encourage him to break the cord? One night we were pleading with a man who was kept in the power of Satan by this sin, and his little girl edged along in the seat toward her papa, and putting her arms around his neck said, "*Do* come to Jesus, Papa, and Mamma won't cry any more." This broke the cord, and the man came to Jesus; just as I have broken this cord, and the nail clings to the magnet, and the bottle is left behind. But for this one that I rescue, see, as I lift up the bottle, a dozen more of nails are tied to it, and must be left behind.

Children, to be a drunkard is a *dreadful* sin. But perhaps it is a *worse* sin to have anything to do with *making* drunkards, by our example. Let it be the motto of every boy and girl to "touch not, taste not, handle not," as long as you live.

We have now come to *Number Ten* of our illustrations. And here we have a queer looking character! What can this be? A nail dressed up like a *doll!* You would hardly know there was a nail here, if you did not feel it beneath the clothing, or hear the sound as I rap upon the head. What in the world can this man mean in fixing up in this way? It is a great mistake if he wants the magnet to save him, for, see! there is no place where the magnet can get hold to lift him. O, I see what it means! This is the Pharisee that fixed himself up so nicely to go to heaven that he didn't want Jesus. Read Luke xviii: 11-12: "*The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners,*

unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess." Poor little Pharisee! After all this hard work and fixing up, he is here, left behind with the drunkards and rejectors of Christ, helpless, with all of his fine clothing, to take a single step toward heaven and salvation! He has seen "publicans and sinners" go into the kingdom of heaven before him, and he has become alarmed about himself. Perhaps he has read the words of Jesus: "*Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God.*" (John iii: 3.) And he is now inquiring anxiously, "*What must I do to be saved?*" Ah, friend, your first need is to be stripped of your own righteousness, before you can receive the righteousness of Christ. Are you willing to give up your fine clothing, and come as a poor sinner to Jesus for mercy, and be saved by grace? Read the Word of God in Phil. iii: 9, as to the terms of God's salvation: "*And be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.*" Yes, he wants this righteousness, and is willing to give up his old robes that he may lay hold of Christ. See, now, as we strip away the clothing that he was so proud of, that he is just a poor, naked sinner, like all the others. And remember that this is true of all that live upon the earth. Noble birth, official position, great genius, riches, beauty, or rank are only so much clothing, covering for a little while, and creating a difference in the

appearance of people before one another; but in the sight of God "*There is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.*" (Ro. iii: 22, 23.) None can be saved, none can become children of God, except they come to Christ and receive the Spirit of God. How easily they may do this, you can see from the way the naked nail *now* lays hold of the magnet and is lifted to the place of salvation.

We will now have *Number Eleven*, and the closing illustration.

All of these pieces that are on this table, the place of salvation, represent those who have received Jesus, and are supposed, by their being here, to be true Christians. This is what Jesus intended should be the case with members of His church here in this world. But alas! many become members of His church who are not born again, not really changed in heart, and not partakers of the Holy Ghost. It was of church members that the apostle Paul wrote in II Tim. iii: 5: "*Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.*" Children, how foolish it is to pretend what we are not, and to get into any place where we do not belong. It is much easier to be a *real* Christian than to go through life making believe I am one. And then, at the last, of course I shall be found out, and rejected by God, and put to shame before angels and men. Read Matt. xxii: 11 and 12. "*And when the King came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment: and he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither not hav-*

THE MAN THAT HAD NOT ON THE WEDDING GARMENT.

ing a wedding garment? And he was speechless." I know of nothing more sad in all the Bible than this. May God lead us all to careful obedience of the many plain commands of His word to "*Give diligence to make our calling and election sure*" (II Peter i: 10), and to "*Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?*" (II Cor. xiii: 5.)

I am sure if we pray earnestly to God, and carefully read his Word, He will certainly show us our true condition and will keep us from being self-deceived. It seems to me that the simplest test for us to use is found in Romans viii: 9: "*Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.*" We know that the Spirit of Christ loved God, and sought in all things to please Him; and loved men, and sought in all ways to save them. Have we this Spirit?

If these pieces of iron are indeed pieces of iron, they have the same properties as the magnet, and will cling to the magnet. Some of them may be crooked, bent, rusty and imperfect, but still, see! they will cling to the magnet. So we, conscious of many imperfections, and not yet in the glorified bodies we shall have in Heaven, may be conscious that we do love and cling to our Lord Jesus Christ as our only Saviour. When He is defamed, we defend Him; when He is blasphemed, we bless Him; when He is despised, we delight in Him; when He is denied, we declare our faith in Him. There is no story we love to hear like the story

of His love; there is no music so sweet to us as the music of His name; there is no real solid satisfaction for us in life, except in His service, and in being sanctified by His Spirit. Now this could not be so if we were not His children.

I read the other day of a little girl at school, who showed in a beautiful way whose child she was, and that she loved her father. She had been asked in the class to spell the word "clown." She spelled it, "C-l-o-w-n—Clown." "Correct," said the teacher. "Now give me the definition." "I don't want to," said the little girl. "Do you know the definition?" asked the teacher. "Yes, Marm," she replied. "Well, then," said the teacher, "you must obey me; *give* the answer." "Please, Marm," said the little girl, as she began to cry, "I don't want to."

The good teacher was wise enough to take the little girl one side and ask her, "Why, Mary, do you not want to give the definition?"

"Because, marm," she answered, "my papa is a clown in a circus; and I didn't want to say that he is 'a low, vulgar fellow.'"

Thus this little girl showed the loyalty of her heart to her papa. It is needless to say that her kind teacher excused her. So, through life, the true child of God, man or woman, boy or girl, will be constantly showing whether he has the spirit of Christ, by his taking, or failing to take, the side of Christ.

Now, while I have been talking to you, my magnet has been lifting up all of these nails, showing that

they are true pieces of iron; and has come to one, from which it secures no response. The magnet touches it, but it does not move. I hold it in my hand, and place it close to the magnet, but it does not cling. It has the appearance of a nail, and looks just like these other pieces, but it can not be like them. Let us examine and test it. Ah, as I bend it in my hands it snaps in two! It is not iron at all, but a piece of painted wood, carried to this table, not by the magnet, but by the hand of man. We cast it out, and throw it away, repeating the solemn words of our Lord Jesus: "*Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.*"

Alas! Alas! They talked a great deal about what they had done for Jesus, but said nothing at all about what He had done for them. Was not this the reason that He did not know them?

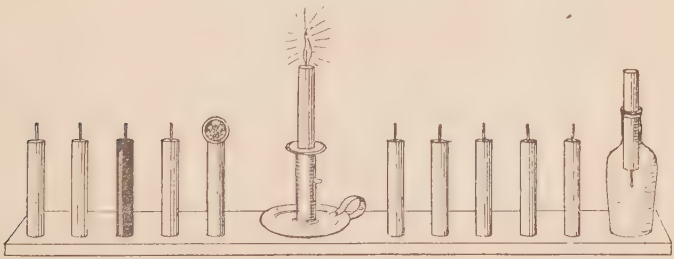
The lessons from the magnet are ended.

THE CANDLE SERMON.

"*I am the light of the world.*" (Jno. viii: 12.)

"*The Light of the World is Jesus.*" This is our lesson to-day.

It would be very nice if the Bible verses I am going to use for this sermon could be read by different boys and girls. I will give out the verses now, and perhaps some of you that have Bibles will find them, and read them for me when I call for them.



John viii: 12. II Cor. iv: 6. Ps. cxix: 130. Ro. x: 17. Jno. xx: 30–31. Acts ii: 4, 32 and 33. Eph. iv: 14. Gal. v: 21. I Thess. v: 19. II Cor. iv: 4. I Jno. i: 9. Matt. v: 14 to 16.

Now please read John viii: 12.

"*Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.*"

"I am Come a Light Into the World."

"The light of life!" What a beautiful thought that is! There is no *light* without *life*, and wherever there is *life* there is always *light*.

Now, the large candle that you see burning before you illustrates that verse. None of the candles around it have yet received light. The light which they are to receive must come from the candle already lit. So our Lord Jesus was at one time the only one in the world who had the true light of life. All who have ever received light have received it from Him. These unlit candles represent boys and girls and men and women who have not yet received Jesus, and are, therefore, without life and light.

Please read II Cor. iv: 6. "*God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.*" We see from this verse that all the light in this world, that is so pleasant to our eyes, and that we think comes from the sun, *comes from God*. He said, "*Let there be light; and there was light.*" We also see that the same great and good God who made the light for our eyes, is the light for our souls. And just as the light from God for our eyes comes from the sun, so the light from God for our souls comes *from Jesus*.

Read Ps. cxix: 130. "*The entrance of thy word giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple.*"

We are taught by this verse that the knowledge of Jesus comes to us from *the Bible*. So Ro. x: 17. "*Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God.*" Also, John xx: 30, 31, where we are told

that God has given us the Bible that we might read the things about Jesus, and by reading, might be led to "*believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that, believing, ye might have life through his name.*" Thus we have explained *how* the light comes to us.

Now I have here *three boys* and *four girls*, whom I am going to use as *light bearers*. This is really what all who preach the gospel of Jesus Christ are.

Jesus says of His disciples in Matt. v: 14: "*Ye are the light of the world.*" And in Matt. v: 16: "*Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.*" So we read that after Jesus went back to heaven, those who had seen Him while He was here on the earth, went everywhere telling about His wonderful works and words, His death on the cross, His resurrection from the dead, and His ascension to heaven; and in this way the light was spread all over the world. It is just the same now. I trust that each of these young light bearers has received into their souls the knowledge of Jesus so that they could really be used of God to impart light to other souls, just as I am going to use them to impart light to some of the candles.

I have asked each one of my helpers to write some favorite verse about Jesus upon a slip of paper, and make it into a lamp-lighter. I do not know what verses they have written, but we will now call them to their work, and let each read the verse they have chosen.

"*For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*" (John iii: 16.)

Well, my boy, you have chosen a beautiful verse. Thousands have been led into the light by that word of Jesus about the Father's love. Indeed, it is the believing truly that God is our Father, and loves us in Jesus, that *is* the light within our souls. But what is the matter? This boy is putting the paper with the verse upon it right on the wick of a candle that wants to be lighted, and yet it does not light! What is the matter? O, he has not set his paper on fire at the one burning candle! No wonder he could not light anything with it; he had no *fire!* Read Acts ii: 4, and xxxii: 33, to see what I would have this teach you: "*And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. * * * This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses. Therefore, being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear.*" So it is not simply the words of the Bible that set souls on fire; but the words of the Bible spoken by a soul that has already been set on fire by the Holy Spirit of God, received from Jesus. Before we go out to speak these holy words to others, we must come to Jesus to get the fire, just as this boy *now* lights his paper at the burning candle, and then very easily lights the candle that is ready to be lighted.

Now a girl may come with her text:

"*Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*" (Matt. xi: 28.) This, too, is a lovely text. I have known a great many to get light by this verse. *Who* does it say may come? All that labor. To *whom* do they come? To Jesus. *What* is promised to those that come? Rest.

Now, this candle that waits to be lighted, we will fancy is a man who wants to be a Christian. Here he is over at this end of the table, and here is the light-bearer at the other end of the table. I give the invitation of Jesus for him to come and get light and get rest. He makes one or two starts, and comes a little way, and then goes back. Well, we must have the light go to him. We will move the light-bearer to the other end of the table. But see! As the light comes to him, he runs away from the light! How true are the words of Jesus—"*Ye will not come to me that ye might have life.*" (Jno. vi: 40.) Alas! there are many of these candles that we shall not get lighted, and this is one of them. I am sorry for my light-bearer; but we must remember that Jesus told us that many would not receive our testimony, and also said, "*He that despiseth you despiseth me.*" (Luke x: 16.) If many turn away into darkness, there will be *some* who will come to the light. Our part is to keep our light burning, and be always ready when we meet with those who are seeking light to give it to them. The keeper of the lamp in the lighthouse never knows, through the long, dark night, of the ships that have

been guided into the harbor by the light that he has kept burning. It is not his business to know. His part is to keep the light burning. See from the picture in front of the first page of this sermon how important it is that he should do this.

Here is another candle waiting for light. Repeat your text, dear girl, and see if this one will not receive your message. "*Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things will be added unto you.*" Yes; the candle burns up brightly; your work has not been in vain. You did not light the one you first selected, but you have lit this one.

Now, one of the boys may come with a text. "*Son, thy sins be forgiven thee.*" (Mark ii: 5.) Well, how quickly the light came to this one!

Do you want to know why?

Read the story in the second chapter of Mark, and see how utterly lost and helpless the poor palsied man was as he lay at the feet of Jesus, and looked up into His face. When we get into the *same* place, and feel the *same* way, and look in the *same* direction, the light comes like a flash; and we see that Jesus came on purpose to be the Saviour of just such sinners as we are; and if we have faith enough to come to Him, He calls us "sons," and tells us that our sins are forgiven.

Now, another girl may come and try and light a candle. And what is your text?

Luke vii: 50. "*And he said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.*" Well, another candle burns up brightly. What a beautiful verse it is that

"Thy Sins are Forgiven Thee."

tells us how the light came to the woman in the city, who was a sinner, who came to Jesus' feet, as he sat in the house of Simon.

"The frown and the murmur went round through them all,
That one so unhallowed should tread in that hall;
And some said the poor would be objects more meet,
As the wealth of her perfume she showered on His feet.

In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow—
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow
He looked on that lost one: 'her sins were forgiven,'
And the sinner went forth in the beauty of heaven."

O, what a joy it is to have this heavenly light! To know that God forgives my sins, and that He loves me, and dwells by His Spirit in my heart! And surely, next to the joy of having the light myself, is the joy of being used to give the light to others. If some good woman, like Salome, or Joanna, told the woman of Luke seventh that Jesus was in Simon's house and encouraged her to go to Him, how happy she must have been when she heard the result, and met the rejoicing one, as she came from the presence of the Lord! O, that every boy and girl here would make it the business of life to bring as many souls to Jesus as possible; kindling lights wherever they go, that shall burn brightly on the earth when they have gone to shine in the presence of Jesus in heaven.

Now, another of the boys may come and repeat his text. John vi: 37. "*All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.*" And now another candle is brightly burning, and has joined the circle of light.

I knew of a little girl who was used by God in leading her dear father to Jesus by this verse. He had

been a wicked man, and had been put in prison for a crime committed when he was drunk. When released from prison he came home and told his wife and children that he was going far away, and that they would never see him again. He said that he was bad and could never be anything else but bad, and that he would go off somewhere where he could die and bring no more disgrace upon his family. His Christian wife wept and besought him to pray to Jesus for salvation and not give up to despair. She brought the Bible and said: "Husband, read God's word and seek His help." He pushed the Bible away and said: "Don't torture me by bringing me that Book. There is nothing in it for me but condemnation. I am a lost man." He buried his face in his hands and his poor, sobbing wife left the room. His little girl, her heart so sore for her papa, opened the Bible as it lay upon the table and pushed it along toward him and said: "*Do* read the Bible, Papa, and ask Jesus to save you; and He *will*, Papa, He *says* He will." He lifted his head and she pushed the open page right under his eyes, and he read, "*Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out;*" and the light came to him as quickly as it just now came to the candle. He fell upon his knees, looking to and trusting Jesus and became a saved man.

Now the last of the light-bearers will come and give her text. Here are two candles so close to each other that their wicks just touch. I doubt whether you can light one without lighting the other also. I

wonder if this last text will explain this. Listen: John i: 43 to 46. "*Jesus findeth Philip and saith unto him, Follow me. Philip findeth Nathanael and saith unto him, We have found him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph. And Nathanael said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him,* COME AND SEE."

Ah, yes! These two candles represent Philip and Nathanael. They were true friends, and truly loved each other. Where one went, the other desired to go; what one found of truth, he desired the other to find also. This is the way it should be with all of us. If Jesus has been revealed to us, and we have the light, we should not rest from prayer and labor until our dear friends are brought to Jesus too. Usually the time of our greatest influence upon those near to us is when we make the start ourselves. As brother, sister and friend see the change in us, and *light* is really shining from our faces, they can not bear to be left in darkness, and they come right along with us, just as the one candle, close to the other, was so quickly lighted when its companion received light.

Do you not also see another lesson in this? Some one who would shine brightly for Jesus is waiting in darkness because *you* do not become a Christian. If *you* start, that one will start with you. So, by refusing the light, you are responsible, not only for not shining yourself, but for keeping others from shining.

Now we will explain the meaning of a few texts by

experiments with these remaining candles. I light this one, and it keeps going out as fast as I can light it. What is the matter? Yes, this boy, sitting here, is blowing it out! How foolish in the candle to let a *boy* blow out the light! Read Eph. iv: 14. "*That we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the slight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive.*"

So this candle represents those who can not make up their minds whether the Bible is true or false; whether our dear Lord Jesus can be trusted, or whether He was a deceiver. They hear about Him one day and think they will believe on Him; and then they hear some unbelieving infidel woman or man laugh at the Christian's faith, and they think they will *not* be Christians.

Children, be settled in your minds as to *Jesus Christ* and your *Bible*. Have the courage of your convictions, and don't be moved from trusting in Jesus because of hard questions that wicked people will put to you. They could ask you just as hard questions about the *sun* in the sky, to try and make you believe that there was no sun. But the sun would shine down smilingly upon the poor silly people all the same. "*The preaching of the cross is to them that perish, foolishness.*" (I Cor. i: 18.)

If you are afraid of a sneer at the cross of your Saviour, I should be concerned for your soul lest it be a sign that you were to perish. O! be not of the super-

ficial, unstable, unthinking, half-hearted, undecided, cowardly ones of this generation, who can not make up their minds about truth.

I have read of a border state man in our late war, who would be a *Southern man* when the *Southern army* occupied the country where he lived, and a *Northern* man when the *Northern* army came. It is needless to say that neither side had any respect for him, and that he suffered from both sides when his duplicity was detected. One day a company of armed men came to his house and asked him whether he was a "Rebel" or a "Yankee." He looked at their uniforms so that he could answer that he was on the same side that they were. But they had caught him! Their uniforms were half Southern (gray), and half Northern (blue), and he didn't know what to answer. At last, rubbing his nose, he said: "Well, gentlemen, I am just nothing at all, and mighty little of that!" Which was just *true*, and it is just as true of grown up boys and girls and men and women in America, who can not make up their minds whether to believe in or reject our Lord Jesus Christ.

Now please read I Thess. v: 19: "*Quench not the Spirit.*" You will see the importance of this verse as I light this candle, and for a minute it burns up brightly, and then as I plunge it into the glass of water it is extinguished. I try again to light it, but I can not. The wick is wet, and my paper burns out in the vain attempt to again rekindle the flame. The most

solemn warnings in the Bible are those addressed to enlightened ones against turning from Christ. "*For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, * * * if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance.*" (Heb. vi: 4 and 6.)

The "falling away" here means the giving up of Jesus and the denial that he is the Son of God. The Holy Spirit of God may be grieved away if we commit this sin, or He may leave us if we persist in disobeying what we know to be the truth of God. How many thousands of young people have felt the influence of God's Spirit, and have made some efforts to become Christians, and then have given it up. They are all like the candle with its wet wick. Some of them may again be brought under conviction, and the flame of the Holy Spirit may so dry the wet wick that they may be re-lighted, but alas! the most of them will be left to the darkness they have chosen. "Papa," said a dying young lady to a wealthy and godless father who was bending in sorrow over her; "one year ago I could have become a Christian, but now it is too late." She referred to a time when she had been almost persuaded to give her heart to God, but had been led by her father into the pleasures of the world.

Leaving the wet wicked candle in darkness, we turn to this one that has a *bottle* for a candlestick. We hold our burning paper to it and try in vain to give it light.

You can readily see the reason. The wick of the candle is upside down in the neck of the bottle. It

represents a poor drunkard who loves the bottle more than he loves the light!

Read Gal. v: 21, for the lesson: "*Drunkenness, revellings, and such like: they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.*" How strange it seems that a man would be willing to lose his soul for the indulgence of his appetite! That the blessing of eternal life should be spurned for *a bottle!* I fear that there is many a one here to-day in danger of dying in darkness because you will be unwilling, when Jesus comes to give you light, to give up some darling sin. There is a story told of a man who was told by his doctor that unless he gave up drink, he must lose his sight. It is said that he went to the window and looked out upon the blue sky and the green fields, and turning his back upon the sunlit scene, he lifted a bottle to his lips, saying, "Farewell, sweet light!" Is it not a dreadful thing to so fall into the power of Satan that a man would do this? Boys! never touch the intoxicating cup; refuse the first glass, lest it obtain some day the same awful power over you.

Here is one other candle that I will try to light. My text is burning brightly, and I hold it close to the wick, but I can not make it burn. You see the reason of my failure. A piece of silver covers the wick. The word found in II Cor. iv: 4, explains the lesson: "*The god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them.*"

This candle represents a man who loves money and is blinded by it to the value of his soul and the reality of heaven.

Our country has thousands of such men. One of them was dying not long ago and told his little daughter how dreadfully he felt because he must die. She said to him: "Why, Papa, you have a beautiful home in the city; and a beautiful home in the mountains; and a beautiful home in Florida; and a beautiful home by the sea. Haven't you a beautiful home in *Heaven*, Papa?" He was obliged to shake his head sadly and say that *he did not know.*

Four beautiful homes on earth, some of them only occupied for a few brief weeks, and no forethought about a home in heaven for eternity! "*What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*" (Matt. xvi: 26.) We must leave this candle also in darkness.

Now, we have one more candle that we must try and light.

It is this one here covered with paper, stained and soiled with ink. This is to represent those who feel that they have been very great sinners. Read I John i: 9, for the lesson.

"*If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*"

This candle, the last to be lit, is like those who keep away from Jesus because they fear that they are too

bad to come, and that they must try and make themselves better before He will receive and forgive them. They are wrong in this. They can not make themselves better by staying away from the Lord. We come as we are, and He makes us better. His own word is: "*I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.*" (Matt. ix: 13.) Just as when we are sick, the *first* thing is to go to the doctor, so when we feel our sins, the *first* thing is to go to Jesus. Notice now that the first thing I do with this stained candle is to *light* it. This represents the sinner receiving Jesus. The *first thing* Jesus does is to forgive us and put His Spirit in us. Now the *next* thing I will do to the candle is to take off its dirty covering. See, I slip off the soiled paper, and the candle is made clean. So, after we have received the forgiveness of our sins and have the Spirit of Jesus in our hearts, He "cleanses us" from our sins. O, may every one of the children see the meaning of this beautiful verse, and trust in Jesus for forgiveness, and for *cleansing*. Remember, He can not cleanse us until He *first forgives* us. He does not *cleanse* us in order to *forgive* us; but He *forgives* us that He may *cleanse* us. There is no cleansing in our being delivered from the power of sin, until we *first* believe the word of Jesus that He does forgive us. This is so all through our Christian life. As we come with sincere confession, our Lord Jesus always has forgiveness; and and just in proportion as we *believe* in the forgiveness, will the Spirit of Jesus be cleansing us. O, what a

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

precious Saviour Jesus is to all who will come to Him, *and trust Him.* His welcome for all is just like the welcome of the father to the prodigal son. First, the kiss of forgiveness; then the cleansing, the robing, and the feasting.

For my closing illustration, read Matt. v: 14 to 16. "*Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill can not be hid. Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.*"

Now I will take one of these candles that are burning, and put it *under a bushel.* This represents those who think they believe in Jesus, but they are unwilling to confess Him. They do not obey Him in being baptized in His name, and in coming to the communion of His disciples. They are ashamed to tell their parents or brothers, sisters or friends that they have accepted Him, and purpose to be Christians. The result of this is that they soon lose any hope that they may have had, and cease to regard themselves as Christians.

Just as when I lift up the bushel, you find that the candle, because it has been shut off from the air, has gone out, and is in darkness.

We can not, children, be secret Christians. Jesus says, "*He that denieth me before men, shall be denied before the angels of God.*" (Luke xii: 9.)

No matter what it may cost us, we must confess

Jesus as our Lord. We owe this to Him because of His confession of us in His sufferings on the cross. We owe it to others for whom He died, who may be led by our confession to accept Him. We owe it to ourselves, for we can not be happy Christians, and grow in grace, unless we let our light shine.

If Daniel and his companions had not confessed their faith in Babylon, Israel might have been utterly destroyed, instead of being protected and honored, as they were. If the little maid from Israel had not confessed her God in Syria, Naaman would not have been healed of his leprosy, and led to worship the true God.

There is a story of a boy who lived in Antioch of Syria, sixteen hundred years ago, when Roman governors put Christians to death because they refused to worship the image of the Emperor. This boy stood beside his mother in a great crowd, gathered to witness the burning of an aged Christian. The governor did not want to burn him, and tried to get him to give up God and Jesus, and worship the Roman gods. The good man was strengthened by the Spirit of God to be faithful to the truth, and as he refused to deny his Lord, said: "Ask any child if it be not better to worship the one true God who made all things, than to bow down to images made by man." As he said this, the eyes of the Governor fell upon the boy standing near, and not knowing that he was a Christian, he called him to the stand and said, "My boy, tell this deluded man that he should worship the

gods of Rome, and do homage to the Emperor." What was his surprise and anger, as the boy modestly but fearlessly made answer: "There is but one God; and Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and our Saviour." In a rage, the Governor commanded the soldiers to strip the boy, and beat him with their cruel rods.

They did this, until the blood ran from his bleeding back upon the ground. Then the Governor asked him, "Will you now confess the gods of Rome?"

Again the boy replied: "There is but one God; and Jesus Christ is the Son of God and our Saviour."

"Beat him to death!" said the enraged Governor; and they beat the poor boy until he sank faint and dying at his mother's feet.

"What can your Christ do for you now?" said the cruel man to the mother, who, he knew, had taught her boy of Jesus.

"He can help us to pray for our enemies," replied the Christian woman, as she gathered her dying boy in her arms.

"Mother," said he, faintly, "I wish I could have some water from the well at home."

"My boy, you shall soon drink from the river of the water of life in the Paradise of God."

And so, the martyr boy of Antioch passed away to be with the redeemed in Heaven, but his light has been burning brightly for Jesus for sixteen hundred years, and its beams are falling upon us to-day.

Are there not boys and girls here now who will accept

Jesus as their Saviour, and resolve to openly confess Him? Are there not those who have been hiding their light, who will now take it out from under the bushel, and from this day identify themselves with the followers of Jesus, and be willing to bear reproach for His name? God grant that it may be so.

How can we expect the crown, if we are unwilling to bear the cross? How can we expect to be with the martyrs at the Marriage Supper of our Lord Jesus in Glory, if we will not follow the martyrs in sharing His rejection?

"Thou shalt Teach Them to thy Children."

THE COMMANDMENTS SERMON.

Part I.

How many here have committed to memory the ten commandments? Not many. I am sorry for this. Wherever I go, I find that parents and Sunday School teachers are, as a rule, neglecting the command of God to teach His law to the children. Read Deut. vi: 4 to 7: "*Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord: And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart:* AND THOU SHALT TEACH THEM DILIGENTLY UNTO THY CHILDREN."

In Deut. x: 2 and 4, we learn that God Himself wrote the words of the ten commandments on the tables of stone prepared by Moses.

We have only two other instances in the Bible where the Lord Himself wrote anything. Here, He writes His holy law, His righteous requirements for man. In Dan. v: 5 and 6, and 25 to 28, He writes the condemnation of man under that law. In John viii: 5 to 11, He writes that He may provide a way to justify one who had broken the law. Surely if I loved God, I would learn the words that He thought it so important to give me.

Moses and the Law.

Now will all the congregation please stand, and all who can do so, repeat aloud with me the Ten Commandments.

1. *Thou shalt have no other gods before me.*

2. *Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth;*

Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me;

And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

3. *Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.*

4. *Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.*

Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work:

But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:

For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day and hallowed it.

5. *Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days*

may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

6. *Thou shalt not kill.*

7. *Thou shalt not commit adultery.*

8. *Thou shalt not steal.*

9. *Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.*

10. *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's.*

Please be seated. You will notice that I have here on the table, ten beautiful vases. I want these to represent to you the commandments we have just repeated, while I try and teach you how dreadfully men and women, boys and girls, break these commandments, and what a dreadful condition they would be in for breaking them, but for our Lord Jesus Christ.

I will tell you a story I heard some years ago, out in Illinois, of a boy who broke the commandments. He was not a particularly bad boy, and what he did might have been done by almost any boy here, if that boy was without the spirit of God in his heart. Now, as I tell you the story, I want you to pay close attention, for I shall ask you, after the story, *what*

Commandments this boy broke, and *how* he broke them.

It was Sunday morning. Willie's mother had put on his clean collar and prepared him for Sunday School and church. As he started from the house with his Bible under his arm, she said to him, "Willie, go straight to Sunday School; do not stop to play on the way; do you hear?"

"Yes, Marm," said Willie; and off he went across the fields to the little country church.

As he was about half way to the church, he came to a boy, named Sam, who was standing under a tree beside the path.

Sam was a bad boy. His father and mother did not worship God and never went to church, and Sam never went to Sunday School, but loafed around the tavern bar-room and stables, and learned to say bad words and do bad things. There are just such boys and girls in every community, and Satan uses them to make other boys and girls bad. This is the reason that your parents and teachers warn you not to play with them. It is not because they are poor, and not as well dressed as you may be, but because they use bad language and do wrong things. Some of the best children I know, and those I am glad to see my children play with, are children of poor parents, and live in humble homes. But in those homes, the Bible is read, and the voice of prayer is heard, and the children are taught to fear God, obey their parents, and love one another. Make the children of such homes

your playmates, and they will not lead you wrong. But shun, as you would shun the small-pox, a girl or a boy that would teach you bad words, lend you a bad book, ask you to steal, or laugh at you for minding your mother. They are *bad*, and if you go with them, they will make you bad.

When Willie came along the path toward Sam, Sam heard marbles rattling in Willie's pocket. They should not have been there; but Willie, unbeknown to his mother, had taken the things collected in his every day trousers pocket, and put them in his Sunday trousers pocket. Your mothers all know what a queer lot of things boys get into their pockets. I have seen a mother turning a boy's pockets inside out upon the table, as she mended his torn trousers, and it was a sight! A piece of chewing gum, sticking to the cloth; a fish hook caught by the barb; some matches; a walnut whistle; some nails; some marbles, angle-worms and a piece of molasses candy, all stuck together! Well, you laugh! but I expect there are just such pockets here to-day. Now I don't blame you for your pockets, and these things in them. Pockets were *made* to put things in. And what is a boy going to do with those few things that he comes across that he *can't* put in his stomach! Of *course*, he must put them in his pocket, and trade them off for something that *will* go into his stomach. The point in my lesson, however, is that when you go to church or Sunday School, leave your marbles, gum-drops and playthings at home, lest you be tempted as Willie was, by having them with you.

As Sam heard the marbles he pricked up his ears, and said, "Hullo, Bill." "Hullo, Sam," said Willie. "Got your marbles?" said Sam. "Yes," said Willie, bringing out a handful of nice, new marbles, that made Sam's eyes shine. "Let's have a game," said Sam, "See what a nice smooth path this is, and nobody won't see yer." Willie looked at the path, and then looked all around, and nobody was in sight, and, he *thought* nobody saw him. There was one direction in which he did not look, and where there was an eye looking straight at him. What direction was that?

Yes, up. One of the most useful texts in the Bible for us all, old and young, is, "THOU GOD SEEST ME." When you are tempted to do wrong, repeat that text slowly, three times, and unless you are very foolish indeed, and very much under the power of Satan, you will not do the evil thing. Many years ago, when I was a soldier, I was riding one day by the side of my commander, General Howard, and he told me a story about this text that I have never forgotten. It was a text that he thought a great deal of, and used to repeat over, often, when he was in battle. His mother, I believe, had taught it to him, and had, when he was a boy, told him this story. A small boy had been put to bed by his mother, at the house of a relative where she was visiting. The bed-room was on the first floor, and an open window looked out upon an orchard, where ripe fruit was hanging upon the trees. After the mother had heard his prayer, and kissed him good night, the little boy saw the open

window, saw the beautiful fruit on the trees, and with the way made so easy for him to climb out and get some of it, there came the temptation to do it. So out of bed he got, and out of the window he dropped, and stood with his hand reached up to take a ripe peach, when he saw, through the branches above him, the shining of a bright star. Instantly the text which he had forgotten, came to his mind; and, with the words "*Thou God seest me*" sounding in his ears, he left his peach, turned and ran to the window, climbed in and got into bed, and pulled the bed clothes over his head, he was so frightened.

But, Willie, perhaps, had never learned this verse; at any rate he did not look up. Sam made a ring upon the path; Willie put in his marbles, and Sam his, and they began to play. Pretty soon an accident occurred. While they were playing, Willie had sent Sam's marble a good way down the path, and Sam, when he came to play, had to shoot pretty hard to get it back. Right beside the path there was a puddle of water, in a sort of ditch, and into this Sam's marble rolled. Sam ran after it, and put his hand down into the muddy water where he thought it had gone. He did not find it, and presently Willie rolled up the sleeve of his Sunday jacket, and his clean cuff, and came to search with him. While Sam's back was turned, Willie's fingers touched the marble; he saw that Sam was not looking, and quicker than I can tell it, a thought came into his mind. All the boys knew of Sam's agate; it was a very perfect one, and would

shoot very straight; Willie had often wished that he had it. Here was his opportunity, and he slipped the agate into his pocket. Then, rising up, he said, "Well, Sam, I don't see what could have become of it. I can't stay any longer, or I will be late to Sunday School. I hope you will find it, Sam," and off he went to Sunday School, with the Bible, that contains God's ten commandments, under his arm.

Now, I want you to tell which of the commandments were broken by Willie that Sunday morning, in the less than ten minutes he spent under that tree. As you tell me, I will take the vase that represents that commandment, and with this hammer, break it before your eyes.

Now, hold up your hand, any one that has thought of a commandment that Willie broke.

A boy's hand is held up. Well, what commandment do you say? The fourth? What commandment is that? "*Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.*" Yes, he broke that commandment by playing with a bad boy upon the public way.

Remember the Sabbath Day to Keep it Holy.

Children, you will be greatly tempted, as you grow up, to disregard God's command as to the Sabbath. Railroad and steamboat excursions, Sunday newspapers, baseball games, and bicycle touring are rapidly making us a nation of Sabbath breakers; but God's will as to His holy day has not changed. Those

who disregard the Lord's day show that they do not care for God; those who regard it as holy, with the motive to please God, shall have His promise fulfilled to them, and shall find that "*in keeping His commandments there is great reward.*" I wish every boy here would commit to memory Isa. lviii: 13, 14. "*If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shall honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding their own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.*"

Boys, *stand by the Sabbath*, and God will bless you. No matter what ungodly newspapers and wicked men may say, be true to your Bibles, and obey God rather than man. The more it costs you to do this, the more blessing will you receive in doing it.

O, how sadly thoughtless and indifferent to all this was this boy Willie! He wanted the fun of playing marbles, and forgot about everything else, in having his few minutes' fun. Has not this been the case with many of you? Yes, he broke the fourth commandment, the commandment represented by this beautiful vase, which must be broken to impress upon you this lesson. There! I have struck the blow, and the vase is in fragments. How easily I did it! I presume *days*

were taken to make the vase; but I broke it in *a second*. I could not possibly have made a vase like this, but I had no difficulty in destroying it. A minute ago the vase was whole, perfectly adapted to the purpose of its creation; now it is in pieces, and can never again be made whole. Do you not see how, in all these points, our breaking the law of God is illustrated? How easily a boy can sin, and break God's holy law! But, when he has done it, he can never repair it.

Now, can you think of any other commandment that Willie broke?

Here is a girl holding up her hand. Well, what commandment have you thought of? The fifth? What commandment is that? "*Honour thy father and thy mother.*" Yes, that is the fifth commandment, represented by this beautiful vase.

Honour thy Father and thy Mother.

How did he break that commandment? "His mother told him to go straight to Sunday school, and he didn't do it." That is right. He disobeyed his mother. Let us all be careful to remember that when we disobey father or mother, we break God's commandment.

Another way in which he broke this commandment. He did things out of the sight of his parents, which he knew they would disapprove, and which he knew were contrary to their teachings. This was not to their

honor, but to their direct dishonor. When Sam went home that day, you can imagine a conversation something like this: "Sam, where have you been all the morning? I have wanted you half a dozen times to bring wood and water." And Sam replies, "Well, Mother, I'd have been back sooner, but Willie Jones came along and we had a game of marbles and my agate went into the ditch and I have been hunting for an hour to find it." "*Willie Jones* playing marbles with you! You don't mean Deacon Jones' son?" "Yes, Marm, he's the one, and I'll bet 'most anything he has got my agate. He came and hunted a while, and then said he'd have to go or he'd be late to Sunday School; and I have pawed over every inch in the puddle and can't find the agate. I just *know* he's got it." "Deacon Jones' son playing marbles with my boy Sunday morning, and stealing his marble! Well, when Mrs. Jones comes down here again to invite me to go to church and to teach me how to bring up my children, if I don't talk to her! And that old hypocrite Deacon Jones, talking to your father about the sin of carrying off some of his wood, and here his own boy stealing marbles!"

That is the way ungodly people talk about your good parents when you do wrong. Let no boy or girl forget that when you go with boys or girls that your father and mother would not have you go with, or go to places where they would not have you go, or do things they would not have you do, you break God's fifth commandment, just as I now break this

beautiful vase. There, it is gone forever. I have broken, but I can never repair it. Is there a boy or a girl here that can say they have never broken this commandment? I can not see a single hand lifted; and I can see upon all of your faces the admission of guilt. O, how true the Bible is when it says: "*All have sinned.*"

Thou Shalt not Steal.

Now, what other commandment can any one think of that Willie broke? Well, my boy, your hand is lifted; what commandment do you say that he broke? The eighth? What does the eighth commandment say? "*Thou shalt not steal.*" That is right. Well, how did he break that commandment? "By stealing the agate." But did he not find the agate? Is it stealing to find things? "If you keep them when you know who they belong to, it is," says this girl. Yes, you are right, my child. There is no doubt but that that would be stealing. Then another important thing to remember is, that if I find a thing, and don't let it be known that I have found it, and don't try to find the owner, it is reckoned as stealing, both by the law of God and the law of man. God's rule—"*Do unto others as you would have others do unto you*"—kept in the heart is the only really safe way to keep from breaking the eighth commandment.

You will all meet with temptations just like this to Willie, many times in your life, by having the oppor-

tunity of getting something that belongs to some one else, in ways that many would argue are not wrong. Test them all by the Saviour's golden rule. I knew of a little boy who came home from school one day and showed a beautiful knife to his father, saying, "O, Papa, see what a beautiful knife I have found!" "Where did you find it, my boy?" said the father. "In the school-house yard," said the boy. "Well," said the father, "this is a peculiar kind of knife; do you know of any boy in the school that had a knife like this?" "Pat Shirley had one that looked a *little* like it," said the boy, rather uneasily. "Have you been to him to see if he has lost his knife?" said the father. "No, sir," was the reply. "Does Pat Shirley know what kind of a knife you carry?" "Yes, sir." "If you were to lose your knife, and Pat should find it, wouldn't you like to have him come and see if you had lost it?" "Yes, sir." "Well, hadn't you better go and see if this isn't Pat's knife?" "Yes, sir," said the boy slowly, not nearly so prompt to go to Pat as he had been for Pat to come to him. Of course, the knife *was* Pat Shirley's, and the boy was being tempted to keep that which did not belong to him.

Well, here is the pure and beautiful vase that represents the eighth commandment; and as Willie in the twinkling of an eye broke the commandment by putting Sam's marble into his pocket instead of handing it to Sam, so with one blow I smash this vase into pieces; and, like Willie, I have done something that I can never undo.

Was there any other commandment broken by Willie? Yes. Here is a hand held up. Well, my girl, what commandment do you charge Willie with breaking? The ninth? And what does the ninth commandment say? "*Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.*" In other words, "Thou shalt not *lie.*"

Thou Shalt not Lie.

To tell a wrong story about anything is to break the ninth commandment. Who did Willie lie to? Yes; he lied to his mother in not going straight to Sunday School when he said he would, and he lied to Sam in deceiving him about his agate. How easily he did it! It seems as though he couldn't help doing it, it was so easy. Was it not just so the other day when *you* told a lie to your mother? Or *you* to your teacher? Or *you* to your brother or sister? It *is* easy to do wrong, and *hard* to do right. There is no question about that. Any coward can tell a lie; but it takes a brave boy to speak the truth. The weeds will grow in the garden without the owner having to work a bit; but how hard he must work if he would have fruit and flowers. But weeds that grow easily are worthless; and the fruit and flowers are valuable. So, let us all remember, that though it may be easy to tell lies and hard to speak the truth, the boy who tells lies is growing weeds; and the boy who speaks the truth is growing fruits and flowers. Children are very timid and

fear being blamed and punished, and are greatly tempted when big people frown and scowl and say with a dreadful voice, "Did you do this?" to answer with a lie to shield themselves. This, like everything else that is done contrary to God's law, is a mistake. Children that lie get by far the most whippings. They soon get found out, and nobody trusts them. And, thinking they can escape punishment by lying, they become careless and reckless in doing wrong, and are always in trouble. O, boys and girls, don't be cowards! Tell the truth, though it would seem to cost you your life. A life saved by lying is hardly worth saving. God loves the truth, and hates lies. We can not be in heaven with God if we tell lies.

If any boy or girl here has told a lie to any one this week, I will tell you how you may do something that will make you very careful as long as you live about telling a lie to that person. Go and confess to them that you told a lie and ask their forgiveness, and then ask God, for Jesus' sake, to forgive you. Make this your rule all through life, and you will overcome the dreadful sin of lying.

Now I break the vase that represents the ninth commandment. How many of you show by your faces a sorrow that so beautiful and useful an article should be so destroyed; you shrink back and say Oh! to yourselves as I strike the blow that shatters it. Do you know that this is a little like what you make the Lord Jesus, the angels and all good people feel when you do wrong and break God's beautiful laws? O,

that you would remember this when you are tempted to lie, steal or disobey your parents. You might also remember that every time you break a commandment you make Satan and wicked people happy, just as a bad boy here loves to see me break these vases, and says to himself with a grin on his face, "That is what I like; break some more; break some more. It is almost as good as smashing windows." In I John iii: 8, we read: "*He that committeth sin is of the devil.*" That is a very solemn word for us all.

I wonder if there is another commandment broken by Willie that morning? Yes, here are hands held up.

Thou Shalt not Covet.

Well, my boy, tell us what other commandment he broke, and how he broke it. "He broke the tenth commandment by coveting Sam's marble. The commandment is: *Thou shalt not covet * * * anything thing that is thy neighbour's.*" Yes, he certainly broke that commandment. What is it to covet? "To want anything that don't belong to you," says the girl. Well, that is a good answer. Many say that there is no sin in wanting things that belong to other people if we don't try to take them away from them, but the Word of God says different. I must not allow the evil desire in my heart. I know how difficult this is for boys and girls and men and women to do. Yet I know that God's law is *right*, and that we should do it. I also know that in breaking this commandment

we prove the sinfulness of our hearts, and our need of a Saviour. Read Romans vii: 7: "*Nay, I had not known sin, but by the law, for I had not known lust, except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet.*"

When we are told not to want things, isn't it strange that the very command makes us want them? O, children our hearts are evil, and only Jesus can deliver us and make us good. Now, I take this tenth vase that represents the tenth commandment, and I must break it to pieces. I am sorry to do it. It, with the vase representing the first commandment, on the other side of the table is larger and more beautiful than all the others. But it is my own property, bought and paid for, and I sacrifice it in this way for your good, to impress God's truth upon your minds. Do you not see that this thought was in God's mind when he gave Jesus to die for you?

I wonder how many of you, as you see me about to break my vase, feel that you would like to have it for your own? Why! how many hands are lifted! But "*Thou shalt not covet.*" The commandment represented by the vase is broken, and the vase must be broken, too, to impress the lesson.

O, how easy it is to be sinners! With what little effort we break God's holy law! But I am sure, as you look upon these broken fragments, you see what a dreadful thing it is to go on through life breaking the commandments of God. Think of Willie, as he reaches Sunday School, standing up and repeating the ten commandments, and then being asked by his

teacher "What is sin?" and he answers, "*Sin is the transgression of the law.*" (I John iii: 4.) Then—"What is the penalty of sin?" and he answers, "*The wages of sin is DEATH.*" (Ro. vi: 23.) Poor Willie. How glibly he answers; how little he thinks of his own dreadful condition! Is it not just the same with many that are here? Have you not sinned, and are you not condemned by God's law just as truly as he? And yet you do not *feel* your sins. Now, do you know that you never can be saved until you *do* feel your sins? for you will never know Jesus as *your* Saviour until you realize why He had to come and die upon the cross for *you*, just as if you were the only one that had broken God's law.

Now, this may be enough for one lesson, and I will give another day the closing part of my Commandments Sermon.

THE COMMANDMENTS SERMON.

Part II.

To bring before your minds why Jesus died upon the cross, I will tell you another story.

My story will illustrate the teaching of one of the most beautiful verses in the Bible (Isaiah liii: 6.) Will you all repeat the verse with me:

"*All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way: and the Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all.*"

Once upon a time a schoolmaster thought he would try and teach the boys of his school the use and necessity of government and rules of order. He prepared carefully the rules that he thought best for securing good order in his school, and after reading and explaining them to the boys, he invited their criticism and asked for their objections. No boy had anything to say against the rules, but all thought them very good. Then the master asked all who were in favor of adopting and being governed by the rules to hold up their hands. Every boy held up his hand. Then the master said, "Well, boys, what shall be done in case any boy breaks one of the rules? You all consent that the rules are good and *ought* to be kept, but do you

"All We like Sheep have gone Astray."

not all know that there are careless boys who will forget; and other boys who will get into a bad temper and be reckless; and that a boy with a bad disposition may hate the rules after a while and determine to break them down if he can? Now, I want you to talk it over and agree upon what you think ought to be done in any case of violation of the rules, and if I approve of your report I will see that it is done."

After considerable discussion the boys agreed to report to the master that he should have a birch switch, and if any boy broke the rules he was to be called before the school, made to remove his jacket, and have ten strokes from the stick given him. The master accepted the report, procured the switch, and the school commenced. I have no doubt but the fact that they were under law, and the sight of the rod, made some of the boys just long to break a rule, and to be restless until they had done it. This is the statement of the Bible. The law brings out the evil that is in us, "*that sin by the commandment might become exceeding sinful.*" (Ro. vii: 13.) We do not know how bad our hearts are until we try to live according to rule, with a birch stick before us. How precious it is that when we accept Jesus as our Saviour, and His Spirit comes into our hearts, we are no longer under law but under grace. We love Jesus and try our best to do right because we want to please Him, and not because of the birch stick.

It was not long before the rules were broken in such a way that it would not do for the master to overlook

it, and the boy who had been guilty of the offence (whom we will call Harry), was called to the front of the desk.

"Harry," said the master, "did you do so and so?" "Yes, sir," said Harry "Did you not know that you were breaking the rules?" "Yes, sir." "Well," said the master, taking down his rod, "You know what I am compelled to do. Take off your jacket, Harry." The boy's face grew red as he looked up and said, "Please, Master, mayn't I keep on my jacket?" "No," said the master, "you know what the boys decided should be the punishment, and I promised that their decision should be carried out. I must do just what I said I would." Children, do you not see that our good God, because He *is* good, *must* punish sin, and must punish it just as He has said He would? Let no one deceive you about this. God has said, "*The soul that sinneth, it shall die.*" (Ez. xviii: 20.) He has made *death* the penalty for sin, "*And so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.*" (Ro. v: 12.) "*There is no difference; for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.*" (Ro. iii: 22 and 23.) Do you not see, children, that just as the master was obliged to punish Harry, or make himself a liar, so God is obliged to punish our sin, or He will be untrue to His own word?

Harry fumbled around the upper button of his coat for a minute, and then with his face *very* red, and his lip quivering, he said piteously, "*Please*, Master, *do* let me keep on my jacket." There was evidently something in this punishment for breaking the rules

that looked far different to Harry, as he had to meet it, than it had looked as he sat in his seat, a thoughtless boy, only regarding the *fun* of doing what he wanted to do.

Children, be sure that it will be just the same for all who, by rejecting the Saviour, have to meet God's punishment for sin. "*Shame and everlasting contempt*" (Danl. xii: 2), is the Bible word to describe their feeling when they stand at the last day before their judge.

"Harry," said the master, "I can not excuse you. Take off your jacket." Harry unbuttoned the upper part of his coat, and slipped it partly off from his left shoulder, and then with tears in his eyes looked pleadingly to the master. O, how the master's heart was touched, as he saw why the poor boy felt so bad!

Harry's father was dead, and his mother was very poor, and she had sent him to school that day with *nothing on under his jacket!* "What can I do for the boy?" thought the master. "I don't want him to suffer this humiliation; but how can I provide a way to excuse him without breaking my word, and destroying my government over the school?"

Children, the Bible teaches us that this was just the way our good God, our kind Heavenly Father, felt toward us. He must keep His word and punish sin; and yet He loved the sinner and longed to save him. "*I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God.*" (Ez. xviii: 32.) Do you not see that the kind master had no pleasure in the

thought of punishing Harry, but was in trouble to know how he might deliver him? This is God's heart toward you: this is the meaning of the sweet word of John iii: 16: "*For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*"

Now listen to what happened while the master was in this trouble between his desire to deliver Harry, and his duty to punish sin, and you will see *why* God gave His Son to save you.

The boys had seen Harry's trouble, and were all sorry for him, but one boy was more sorry than any of the rest. His name was Johnny, a playmate of Harry's, and perhaps the master's favorite, as the best boy in school. He loved Harry dearly, and as he saw the compassion on the master's face, he seemed to feel that perhaps he could help the master out of his difficulty, and could deliver Harry! With this thought he eagerly lifted his hand and said, "Master, won't you let me take Harry's place, and let Harry sit down, Master?"

I am sure that the master was deeply touched by this request. His authority and government were honored. He was not asked to forgive Harry, and nothing be done to punish the transgression. But another offered to take the transgressor's place, and pay his debt. Children, this was just what the offer of the dear Son of God meant, when He said to his Heavenly Father that He would come into the world,

and, in the form of man, die for our sins. When there was no eye to pity, and no arm to save, Jesus rose up from His place, and looking down upon the awful consequences that we must suffer for our sins, said, "*Lo! I come to do thy will, O God.* (Heb. x: 9.) Let me take their place; let me bear their iniquities."

The master thought for a moment. "Can I do this? What is the object of punishment? To make the boys respect my authority, and reverence law. Will this be accomplished if Johnny is punished instead of Harry? Yes, I believe it will. The boys will recognize that I respect my own laws, and that I value my word, and could not overlook the offence. They will also see, in my permitting Johnny to take Harry's place, that I punish not the sinner, but the sin. They know that I love Johnny, and as they see me punishing him, they will have an impression made upon them as to how deeply I hate the violation of my rules, in a way that the punishment of Harry could not have made. And as to its effect upon Harry, I believe it will make him more truly penitent, and do him more good, than his own punishment would have done. Let me be sure that Harry *is* repentant, and I believe I can safely do this." Then, turning to Harry, he said: "Harry, are you willing that Johnny should take your place?" "Yes, Master, I am sorry to have Johnny hurt; but he knows why I don't want to take off my jacket, and I think it's real good of him to offer to take my whipping, and

I'll never forget it." "Harry, do you feel that you deserve this whipping?" "Yes, Master, I know I do. I broke the rules, and you ought to keep your word." "Well, Harry, if I let Johnny take your place, and forgive you, will you try and be a faithful and good boy from this time, and keep the rules?" "Yes, Master; I will try just as hard as I can. I am real sorry that I did wrong and have made you this trouble, and that Johnny has got to suffer for me." Children, it is something in this same way that the thought of Jesus dying for us leads us to repentance toward God.

The master then said to Johnny, "Johnny, if you take off your coat, and I strike you ten times with the rod, it will hurt you. Have you thought of this? Are you willing to be hurt for something you have never done?" Up went Johnny's hand, as he quickly replied, "Yes, sir, I am. If you will only let Harry off, I am willing to take it, sir." Ah! the dear boy loved Harry, and because his little heart was filled with love, he could say this. This was the spirit of our dear Lord Jesus, of whom we read, "*For the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame.*" (Heb. xii: 2.) The joy of Johnny was twofold. He honored the master, by suffering the penalty of the broken rules and opening up a way for the master to show the compassion that was in his heart toward Harry: and he delivered his dear friend from suffering and shame. This is exactly what is meant by the joy of the Lord Jesus in His sufferings for sinners.

"Well," said the master, "Harry, sit down. Johnny, take off your coat." And, with the room so still that you could hear a pin drop, the master counted, one, two, three, four, and so on, up to ten; bringing down the rod on the back of Johnny as he counted. O, how Harry felt as he heard those blows! How sorry for his sin; how full of love to Johnny, his deliverer, and to the master for his compassion; and how earnestly resolving to be a better boy. Children, as we see our blessed Lord Jesus, baring His back to the smiters, and nailed to the cross of shame, let us try and take it home to our hearts that "*He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.*" O, how little Harry had to love Johnny for, compared with what we have to love our dear Lord Jesus for! I don't think the master let the rod come down very hard upon Johnny, but when Jesus was stripped and tied to the Roman whipping post, the brawny-armed Roman soldier did not spare Him. Long blue and black welts, and broken skin, and trickling blood, came with every stroke. "*His visage was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men.*" (Isa. lii: 14.) O, let us look upon Him and hear Him say:

"I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?"

There is not a boy here, but would say, "If Harry hadn't loved Johnny, and felt thankful to him for what he had done, he would have been a mean, ungrateful boy, and unworthy of such a friend." But, O, how many there are for whom Jesus suffered and died, who have never thanked Him, and who do not love Him. Children, let it not be so with you any longer. Open your hearts to Jesus as your Saviour. Believe in God's word that your sins are forgiven you when you accept Christ, because He has borne your punishment; and begin the life of a child of God, praying every day to your Saviour, and seeking every day to do His will. In making this start, be clear in one thing, and you will go right all the way. Jesus has borne for you the curse due to sin, and you have never to bear it. This is the meaning of Romans viii: 1: "*There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.*"

If the master the next day had called up Harry, and said: "Harry, did you break the rules yesterday?" and Harry had replied: "Yes, master," and then the master had said: "Did you receive the punishment?" and Harry had said: "No, master: You let Johnny take the punishment:" and then the master had said: "Well, Harry, take off your coat; you must receive the punishment now;" every boy in the school would have lifted up his hand and said: "That ain't fair, master. Johnny said he would take Harry's punishment if you would let Harry off; and you gave the punishment to Johnny." No; it wouldn't

have been fair. The master could not have done it. And when we accept Jesus as our Saviour, we must never so dishonor our good God as to let Satan make us believe for a moment that God would give His dear Son to bear the punishment of our sins, and then punish those who repent and believe on Him, just the same as if He had not borne the punishment. O children, when you feel willing in your hearts to come to Jesus and give up your sins, be happy in knowing from God's own word that "*He that heareth, and believeth, hath everlasting life, and* SHALL NOT COME INTO JUDGMENT." (John v: 24.)

"God will not payment twice demand:
First, from my blessed Saviour's hand,
And then again from me."

"Create Within Me a Clean Heart, O God"

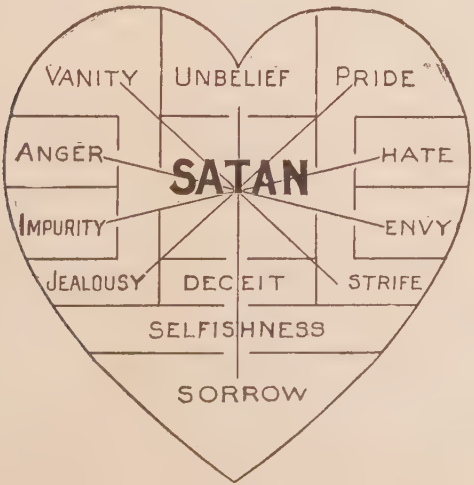
SERMON ON THE HEART.

Now, children, as I turn my blackboard around, I am going to show you a photograph of *a heart.*

How many of you have ever had a photograph of your *face* taken?

My! Every person here seems to have their hand lifted up! What a profitable business it must be to take photographs! I fear my business of photographing the heart will not prove as popular, though I believe it will prove far more to your advantage than the other. My picture is made up of what the Bible teaches us about how sin comes into us all. You will shudder as you look at it.

Here it is!



The Bad Heart.

Now, let the boys and girls to whom I have given the verses describing the heart read, as called for.

Luke vi: 45: "*The good man out of the good treasure of HIS HEART bringeth forth that which is good; and the evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth that which is evil: for out of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaketh.*"

Gal. v: 19 to 21: "*Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, sorcery, enmities, strife, jealousies, wraths, factions, divisions, heresies, envyings, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I forewarn you, even as I did forewarn you, that they which practise such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.*"

Matt. xv: 19: "*For out of THE HEART come forth evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, railings: these are the things which defile the man.*"

John xiii: 2: "*And during supper, the devil having already put into THE HEART of Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, to betray him.*"

Acts v: 3 and 4: "*But Peter said, Ananias, why hath Satan filled THY HEART to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land? Whiles it remained, did it not remain thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thy power? How is it that thou hast conceived this thing in THY HEART?*"

I trust you have been looking at my picture as these verses have been read. I wonder if you see anything in the picture that reminds you of things in your own heart? Now let us be honest and true, every one! And all of you that have had anything in your heart like the picture, raise your hand! I do not see any one with their hand down! Dear me! I have had to put up my own! Well, let us get to work, and see what can be done with this evil heart. Suppose we begin by trying to drive out some of these bad guests.

Here is "Hate," in this big room on the right. Let us get him out. To have hate in the heart makes people act hateful, and look hateful. And as people like to look sweet and pleasant, and be spoken of as kind and amiable, they are mostly ready to hear about good rules, and cultivate nice manners, so as to appear well. Now we will see whether we can really get "hate" out out of the heart in that way. Let us take this clean cloth, and dip it into the clean water, and go to work. There, we have rubbed out "H," and have put in "L." Now what word have we? Yes, "Late." That is rather suggestive, isn't it? I hope it It may not be too late with this heart being made right! would be dreadful to have to die with such a heart as this.

Well, "Late" is not the word we want in place of "Hate," but another word of just the same number of letters. What is it? Yes, *Love*. A beautiful word; how much more lovely than Hate. Well, we have rubbed out "H," now we will rub out the

next letter; what is it? Yes, "a"; now we have that out; and we write "*o*" in its place: "Lo." We are making progress. One more letter to be rubbed out, and the change is complete. O, dear children, what a beautiful thing is *love!* Open your heart to this sweet and benign presence, and, like a bird with soft downy plumage—but, dear me! what has happened? While I have turned to congratulate you upon the progress we were making, the "Lo" has been rubbed out, and the "Ha" has come back, and "*Hate*" is in full possession. Well, this is extraordinary!* But let us not despair! We will try one of these other rooms of the evil heart.

Here is "Impurity." Now we have only to get rid of two letters, and we shall have "Purity." That looks easy—let us try it. It ought not to be hard to convince any one if they cherish impurity in the heart, that, as a speck of rot will spread over an apple until it is all rotten, so this sin will make the heart rotten, and the life bad and unhappy.

O, let us out with it! Dip the cloth in water, and rub off this capital "I"! Well, it is easier said than done, isn't it? I will have to put soap on my cloth, and rub the harder. There! it *is* a job to get rid of capital "I." I don't know that I have got quite rid of him yet. But children, I will rub away. *I* think, that *I* by *my* determination; that *I* by *my* resolution; that *I* by *my* education; that *I* by *my* own self respect;

*A man is behind the board, with a cloth, and piece of chalk, to make these changes.

that *I*, children, by, in short, what *I* do, can get rid of *I*. Now, haven't I got him wet down? You may think that you see him there yet, and that he will come out quite plain again when he is dry. Perhaps he will. I am a little dubious about it myself. I am a good deal like the little girl in the old United Presbyterian Children's Primer. She had fallen among the briars, and scratched her face and torn her frock so badly that she feared no one at home would know her. She was comforted, however, and brightened up, as she thought of her little dog, and said:

> "If I be I, and I think I be,
> I've a dog at home, and he'll know me;
> If I *be* I, he'll wag his tail;
> If I be *not* I, he'll howl and wail."

But—dear me! without waiting to get dry, the capital "I" and the little "m" are back in place again, and all of our labor is lost!

Children, this is discouraging. As fast as I rub out a letter, there seems to be some one around here that is working against me, and the letter is placed back again. I believe we are working on the wrong line. We must find out who it is that is so interested in keeping these bad people in this heart, and go for him. Have any of you any idea who this is? "Satan?" Well, I shouldn't wonder if that is so. See, here he is, right in the center of the heart, his name commencing with the snake letter "S"; how like a snake it looks, doesn't it? and look! here is an opening from his big room, right to every other room, and tel-

egraph wires connecting his office with every part of the heart! It isn't strange that I couldn't get out any of his friends, is it? He could put them back faster than I could get them out. How he must have been laughing at me all this while! I might have spent a lifetime, and I never would have got one room clean while Satan held possession of the center. Well, do you know, I had a suspicion of this, and felt that I should have to commence with Satan, but to tell the truth, I was afraid to do so. The Bible describes Satan as "a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour" (I Peter, v: 8). It also calls him "Great Dragon," and "Old Serpent," and says he had power to deceive "the whole world" (Rev. xii: 9). The Bible also tells us that all the sons of men that have ever contended with him have been worsted. He overcame Adam in the garden, and Noah in the vineyard. He shut Moses out of the promised land, and dragged Saul from the throne. He led David into sin, and tempted Solomon, his son, to commit folly. Through love of sin he has secured dominion over the hearts of men, and he will fight bitterly before he will give up his throne.

What shall we do, children? Is there any way to get Satan out of this heart? Is there any "name given under heaven" whereby we may be saved? Has there ever been one whom Satan could not overcome by his temptations? Will that one undertake to fight for us? Will he meet this awful serpent and drive him away? Yes, blessed be God, there is such a one.

"*The lion of the tribe of Judah, the root of David, hath prevailed*" (Rev. v: 5). Our Lord Jesus Christ by His death upon the cross has put away sin; and by His resurrection has conquered death. In *His name* sins are forgiven (Acts x: 43). In *His name* the Spirit of God comes into our hearts (Acts ii: 38). In *His name* Satan is cast out of the heart (Acts xvi: 18), and will soon be cast out of heaven (Rev. xii: 9), and out of the world (Rev. xx: 1, 2, 10). Ah, yes! by this we shall conquer! How foolish we were to have commenced without it!

Now, let us take another look at the heart and see *how we can get Jesus in.* You will notice that the door is held by "*Unbelief.*" Oh, the cunning of Satan! He gets full possession of the heart, and then begins to torment those whom he has deluded, and when God's dear Son comes to save and deliver them, he fills them with unbelief and they will not trust in Jesus; they will not believe His gracious word; they will not accept His deliverance.

In Rev. iii: 20, we read: "*Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.*"

Now notice in this word, that here is a house with the door closed, and Jesus is on the outside wanting to come in.

When you go to make a call upon some nice lady or gentleman living near you, you stand at the door and ring the bell, or knock upon the wood, until they

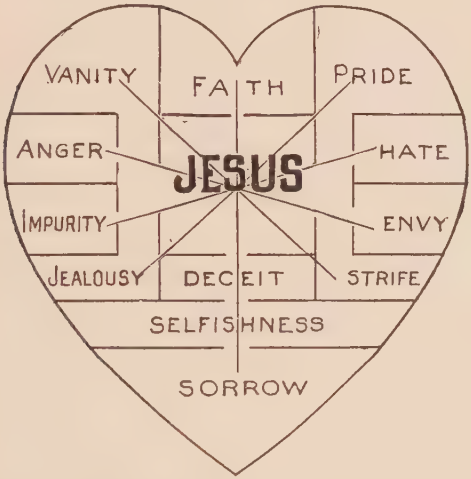
come and unbar the door from the inside and invite you to come in. You would not think of coming with an axe and breaking down the door, to go in whether they wanted you to or not. That would not be the act of a friend but of an enemy.

So the Lord Jesus can not force Himself into your heart. He comes as far as He can, and lets you know that He is there and what He has come for, and then *you* must pull back the bolt, and turn the key, and unlatch the door, and say "Come in."

I read of a little girl whose mother gave her a pretty card with this verse, and with this picture upon it. She was deeply interested in the explanation her mother gave of its meaning, and took her card with her to bed. The next morning she said, "Mamma, I lay awake a good while last night after you had heard me say my prayers, thinking of Jesus outside the door. And Mamma, I prayed to Him, O, so earnestly, that He would come into *my* heart, and stay there always! and Mamma, I believe He *has* come in, and I am going to be His little girl." Now this is just the way that people, whether big people or little people, have to do. They must *want* Jesus to come in, and invite Him to come in, and He has said, if they *do* this, "*I* WILL *come in.*"

Now, while we have been talking about this text, this unhappy heart has been listening, and see! the wire between Satan and the door of the heart is broken, and "Unbelief" disappears. "*Faith*" takes its place; the door of the heart swings open, *Satan*

flees in terror, and *Jesus* takes his place in the center of the heart.



Now notice that the wires used by Satan are under the control of Jesus, and that He has access to the various rooms of the heart.

Surely we know what will now happen. These people that have been introduced and maintained by Satan, and who have made the poor heart so wretched and unhappy, will have to take their departure. When Jesus comes by His Spirit into the heart, He shows by the light of His presence the existence of the evil, and gives power to put it away. We never know how many queer things have collected in our cellars and garrets until we go through them with a brightly burning lamp. So we never

know the evil that is in us until the Spirit of God comes and reveals it.

Now, let us imagine the Lord Jesus gathering the beautiful members of His household of grace, and commissioning them to go and occupy the rooms of the heart, that have been used by his enemies.

Meekness, Lowliness, Gentleness, Love, Purity, Goodness, Trust, Truth, Peace, Kindness, Joy,—the eleven beautiful sisters of Faith, are gathered together, and sent from the presence of Jesus, upon their mis sion.

Now we see Lowliness coming with her sweet happy face to the marble steps and mahogany door of the abode of Pride. Lowliness rings the bell, and a stately footman in livery opens the door, and looks with astonishment on the kindly smiling face of this beautiful stranger, who asks to see his mistress, Madame Pride. "Have you a card, Marm?" he says, "My mistress receives no one not of the highest position, and will demand who you are." "Please tell her that my name is Lowliness; and that I am a sister of Miss Meek, of a good Bethany family, of whom the Lord has spoken, when He said, '*I am meek and lowly.*' We have never needed cards to introduce us, for people everywhere know us by our faces. And won't you please tell your mistress that the Lord Jesus has moved into this heart, and that He has sent me to occupy this front bay window portion, and make you all happy?"

Away goes the astonished servant to find his mistress, and tell her of this wonderful arrival.

We can see Madame Pride, as she sits in silken robes and covered with jewels, talking with her bosom friends Madame Haughtiness, Madame Arrogance, Miss Conceit, the young Lord Vainglory and his companions, Mr. Foppish and Mr. Dude. They are discussing the pedigree of Lord Vainglory's dog, and examining the coats-of-arms that Madame Pride has discovered belonged to her remote ancestors.

"O, Marm!" says the disturbed footman, "The strangest thing has happened, Marm! the most beautiful creature, Marm, that you ever saw, Marm, is in the hall, Marm! and she says, Marm, that she has no card, but that her name is Lowliness, and that she belongs to a well-known and ancient family called 'Meek and Lowly,' and that the Lord Jesus has sent her to occupy this house, Marm, and that all who are not willing to be lowly must at once leave the place, Marm!"

"Oh, horror!" says Madame Pride. "Did you ever, Madame Haughtiness? Did you ever, Madame Arrogance? Did you ever, Lord Vainglory? *I* become lowly! Never, never!

"Thomas, order the carriage. Tell Jane to pack up all my dresses and my jewelry. Lord Vainglory, will you give me your arm? and Mr. Foppish and Mr. Dude, will you bring the poodles, please? and Miss Conceit, will you bring the coats-of-arms, and all the novels, please? and let us all go together, and leave this Miss Lowliness to make the best of life without the society of her betters." And away they go, and Lowliness enters in, with gentle smiles, and looks of love, and with the fragrance of violets upon her robes.

Children, pride does not mean the actual possession of all of these things, but it exists in the loving them, and the longing for them, as if they were the great things to live for. There *may be* the fine home, the wealth, and the servants, with *Lowliness* at home, and using it all; and there may be the little house, with no wealth, and *Pride* ruling the heart.

Now let us see what occurs on the other side of the heart, where Madame Pride's first cousin, *Miss Vanity*, lives. Sweet *Miss Meekness*, with a bunch of pansies in her hand, has come to the door. Miss Vanity has just put on a new dress, and has had her hair nicely banged, and has six rings on one hand and eight on the other, with bracelets on each wrist, and earrings for each ear, and can not resist the temptation to come to the door herself, that she may be more quickly admired by her visitor, and that passers-by may admire her too. "Come right in," she says, as she shakes the ribbons on her head, rustles her silk dress and makes a tinkling sound with her earrings. "Come right in. You have heard, I suppose, of my new dresses from Paris, and of my pearls and diamonds, and of how lovely I appear in them? Oh, yes; I shall be pleased to show them to you. People that are much admired must expect to be put to trouble."

"O, please," says gentle Meekness, "I have not come to see the dresses or the jewelry. My name is Meekness. My sister, Lowliness, has just moved in where your cousin, Madame Pride, has lived. You know our Lord Jesus has taken possession of this

heart, and He has sent me to live here. Won't you change your name and stay, too?" "Change my name? Never! What a piece of vanity I would be to think of such a thing! I belong to one of the oldest and most numerous families on earth. A Vanity is always a Vanity and always will be a Vanity. No Meekness was ever known to have married a Vanity; and I am glad to say no Vanity ever married a Meekness, or lived in the same room with them. O, you can have my place. If Jesus is to reign in this heart and my cousin, Madame Pride, and her friends have gone, it is time that I should go, too." And Vanity disappears, and Meekness takes the room opposite Lowliness.

Next to the room Vanity has occupied, Anger has made his home. He and Vanity have had many a bitter quarrel, and Anger and his wife, who was formerly Miss Quarrelsome, and his children, Wrath, Rage, Fury, Revenge, Impatience, and Irritation, have made the heart very unhappy. Gentleness has come along with Meekness, and has knocked at Anger's door, while her sister went to the house of Vanity.

The children were so noisy that it was a long time before the gentle knock of Gentleness was heard. Then Mrs. Anger, with her face flushed, and anger on her brow from disputing with her husband and boxing the ears of her children, opens the door and says angrily, "And who may you be, around knocking at people's doors and disturbing the peace of a quiet family?" "Please," says

Gentleness with quiet, gentle tones, "*Jesus* has come into this heart and my name is Gentleness, and I am come to live here." "To live *here!*" screams Mrs. Anger. "Do you hear that, old Anger? if you had the spirit of a man you would get your gun! Come, Wrath, Rage, Impatience, Irritation, and all the rest of you, let us pack up and leave the neighborhood. This is no place for us now." And off the noisy troop go, and Gentleness comes quietly in, and a great peace settles down upon this part of the heart.

In the meantime, on the other side of the heart, in the room next to where Madame Pride had lived, a very hateful family, named *Hate*, had their home. To this door *Love* came and knocked for admission.

O, what a clamor was going on within! Mrs. Hate was telling Mr. Hate that she hated him, and was sorry that she had ever married him; and Mr. Hate was saying loudly, "You don't hate me any worse than I hate you. Your mother was a *Snarl* and your father a *Growl*, and I hate myself for ever having made you a Hate." Then Mrs. Hate took the poker and went for Mr. Hate, screaming, "I'll teach you to make fun of my father and mother! You miserable old Hate! You know very well that your father's name was *Loathsome*, and your mother's name *Repulsive*, and that more detestable people never lived!" And then Mr. Hate tipped over the table, with all of the dishes upon it, and plates and pitchers were smashed in pieces, and Odious Hate, the oldest boy, pulled the hair of Ill Will Hate, the oldest girl,

and she began to scream with her mother; and Hideous, the dog, bit Ugly, the cat, and cat and dog added to the dreadful noise,—when suddenly Love, unable to make them hear, opened the door, and stood among them! O, how ashamed they all were at the appearance they presented! Mrs. Hate began to cry, and said, "She wished she was dead." Mr. Hate stood up the table in a shame-faced kind of way, while Odious, the boy, called Hideous away from Ugly, and told him to keep quiet. Then Love spoke up and told them how Jesus had come into the heart, and how He loved them all, and had died for their sins, and how He had sent her to live in that room, and to make them happy and good. Then Mr. Hate said, "As for my part, I would like to get rid of my hateful old name, and be a better man, and I am willing to be ruled by Love." And Mrs. Hate said, "If Jesus in His mercy is willing to forgive me, and to save me from my dreadful temper, I would gladly accept Him, and do my best to live a different life." And Odious said he was sorry he pulled Ill Will's hair, and that he wouldn't do so again. O, what a change Love made! The curtains were lifted, and the sunshine came streaming in; the children ran out and brought in some flowers for the mantels. Mrs. Hate swept up the room, and put the furniture in order. Mr. Hate asked his wife's forgiveness, and wondered that they had ever lived as they had; and the dog, Hideous, wagged his tail, and the cat, Ugly, purred, as Love patted their heads, and brought them together.

"God is Love."

It was not long before Love, having brought to them a new nature, gave them also new names, and all that was represented by the old names was forever driven out.

Now, in the next room to Hate lived a singular single maiden, named Envy. *Green* blinds were on the outside; *green* shades were on the inside; *green* paper was on the walls, and *green* coverings were over the furniture. So everything about Miss Envy, even to the color of her dress, the ribbons in her hair, and the shade of her eyes, was all *green*. To her door came clear-eyed, broad-browed and large-hearted Goodness. She knocked at the door, and Envy herself came and asked her errand. With goodness shining from her eyes, making melody in her voice, and blossoming in her smile, she said, "O, don't you know? Jesus has come into this heart, and Hate and Pride and Vanity and Anger have all gone away, and I am come from Jesus to occupy this room. Won't you change your name, and stay with me?" "Stay with you, with all of my relatives gone? Not I, indeed! The idea! What comfort could there be for me with *Love* and *Lowliness* for neighbors, and Jesus all the time looking at me? No, let me go quickly. I want to overtake Madame Pride and Vanity as soon as possible. I envy you your disposition, and your nice complexion, and your good fitting clothes. I envy everything about you that is worth envying, but I know I can not stay a single day in your company." And away goes Envy, her green ribbons floating in the air, as she runs after Madame Pride.

Children, there is a beautiful text in Ro. xii: 21: "*Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.*"

Let Goodness come into the heart, and Envy and all other evil will flee away.

Here is a simple story that will teach you what this means.

How Janie Settled It.

"Here comes Mamma!" said Janie. "Oh, Mamma, must I save some of my candy for Grace?"

"I think a good little sister would."

"But Grace didn't give me any of hers yesterday."

"Didn't she? How did you like that?"

"I didn't like it at all. And I want to make her not like it, too, because I think she was mean."

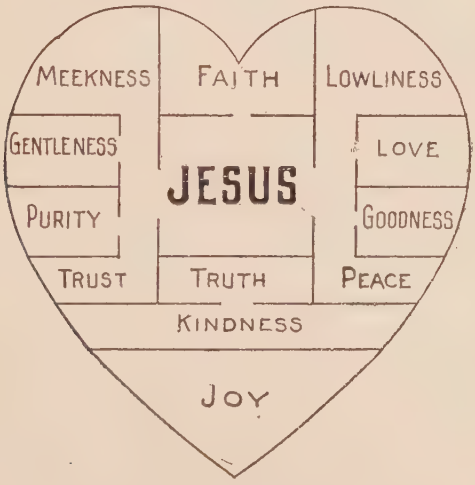
"Dear, dear! and is Mamma to have two mean little girls, then?"

Janie looked at her mother, and was quiet a minute. Then she ran and threw her arms around her neck, and said, "No, no, Mamma dear! You shall not have any mean little girl at all! I guess Grace forgot; and I'll go and give her some of my candy now, so she won't ever forget again!"

"I think that is the way to make her remember," she said. "And I am glad to have two kind little girls."

And so the good work of cleansing the heart goes on.

Peace came to the room where *Strife* had dwelt, and Strife moved out. *Truth* came and knocked at the door where Deceit lurked with closed shutters, and under all sorts of false names, and Deceit, with all of his children, Cheating, Trickery, Sham, Little-lies, Slander and Tattlesome, went out the back door and disappeared in the darkness. Purity got into the room where Impurity had dwelt, and by rubbing out two letters, brought a wonderful change there. *Trust* came into the place that *Jealousy* had occupied. *Kindness* took the place of *Selfishness*.



THE GOOD HEART.

And then, from every part of the happy heart, I heard a sweet chorus of voices repeating:

"*The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law. And they that are of Christ Jesus have crucified the flesh with the passions and the lusts thereof.*"

And I rejoiced greatly as I looked upon the heart made as our Lord Jesus would have it.

Now, children, which heart will you choose?

I once read of a boy who had a remarkable dream. He thought that the richest man in town came to him and said, "I am tired of my house and grounds. Come and take care of them, and I will give them to you." Then came an honored judge, and said, "I want you to take my place. I am weary of being in court day after day. I will give you my seat on the bench if you will do my work." Then the doctor proposed that he take his extensive practice and let him rest, and so on. At last up shambled Old Tommy, and said, "I'm wanted to fill a drunkard's grave. I have come to see if you will take my place in these saloons and on these streets."

This is a dream that is not all a dream. For every boy in this land to-day who lives to grow up, some position is waiting, as surely as if rich man, judge, doctor, or drunkard stood ready to hand over his place at once. Which will you choose, boys? There are pulpits to be filled by God-fearing ministers, and thousands of other honorable places; but there are also prison cells and drunkard's graves. Which will you choose?

Remember that no good place on earth can be filled except you have the "Good Heart;" and that the bad places on earth are sure to be filled by you if you have the "Bad Heart."

Remember, also, that your eternal welfare is determined by your choice. If you possess the "Good Heart," your home will be with Jesus in Heaven forever and ever. If you possess a "Bad Heart," your eternal home must be in the world of the lost, with the enemies of God and the servants of sin. O, let the earnest prayer of every one of you be—"*Create in me a clean heart, O God.*" And may the Lord Jesus, as you make the prayer, come in and dwell with you forevermore. Amen.

The Moody Colportage Library

A series of books selected and edited with the greatest care. Each book containing about 125 pages, printed and bound in good style, in attractive paper covers. Most of the books in the series are copyright works.

VOLUME I.—COMPLETE, FOR $2.25, POSTPAID

NUMBER

1. **All of Grace,** by C. H. Spurgeon.
2. **The Way to God,** by D. L. Moody.
3. **Pleasure and Profit in Bible Study,** by D. L. Moody.
4. **Life, Warfare and Victory,** by D. W. Whittle.
5. **Heaven,** by D. L. Moody.
6. **Prevailing Prayer,** by D. L. Moody.
7. **The Way of Life,** marked out by Talmage, Mills, Chapman, McNeill, and others.
8. **Secret Power,** by D. L. Moody.
9. **To the Work,** by D. L. Moody.
10. **According to Promise,** by C. H. Spurgeon.
11. **Bible Characters,** by D. L. Moody.
12. **Gospel Pictures and Story Sermons for Children,** by D. W. Whittle. (*Illustrated.*)
13. **And Peter, and other Sermons,** by J. Wilbur Chapman.
14. **Select Poems.**
15. **Light on Life's Duties,** by F. B. Meyer, with an introduction by J. Wilbur Chapman.
16. **Point and Purpose in Story and Saying.**
17. **Selections from Spurgeon.**
18. **The Good Shepherd.** A life of Christ, for children. (*Illustrated.*)
19. **Good Tidings,** by Talmage, Spurgeon, Parker, McNeill.
20. **Sovereign Grace,** by D. L. Moody.
21. **Select Sermons,** by D. L. Moody.
22. **Temperance.**
23. **Nobody Loves Me.** A story. By Mrs. O. F. Walton. (*Illustrated.*)
24. **Resurrection.** Sermons by McLaren, Talmage, Liddon, and others.

VOLUME II.—ENGLISH, $1.20, POSTPAID

26. **Sowing and Reaping,** by D. L. Moody.
28. **"Probable Sons."** A Story. (*Illustrated.*)
30. **Good News,** by Robert Boyd.
32. **The Secret of Guidance,** by F. B. Meyer.
34. **The Second Coming of Christ.** Chapters by Muller, Whittle, Moody, and others.
36. **Sunday Talks to the Young,** by Josiah Mee. (*Illustrated.*)
38. **Parables from Nature,** by Mrs. Alfred Gatty.
40. **Kadesh-barnea,** by J. Wilbur Chapman.
42. **Whiter than Snow,** and **Little Dot.** Stories. (*Illustrated.*)
44. **The Overcoming Life, and other Sermons,** by D. L. Moody.
46. **A Royal Exile, and other Sermons,** by T. DeWitt Talmage.
48. **The Prodigal.** Chapters by Spurgeon, Aitken, and others.

---

15 cents each. Postpaid. Two for **25** cents. Postpaid.

Send orders, with Stamps, Post Office or Express money order for the amount to

A. P. FITT, SUPT.

The Bible Institute Colportage Association, 250 La Salle Ave., CHICAGO

Levi Mann
Christmas prese
for being at Sunda
School every Sunda

O6-BHN-518